National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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Pro-Slavery.

In this Department we give place to such extracts from the Pro-Slavery Press, North and South, as serve best to illustrate the character of Slavery and the spirit of its champions and apologists.

HOW TO PREVENT MOBS.

From The New York Observer.

WENDELL PHILLIPS was mobbed at Cincinnati, as we mentioned last week. It was wrong, mean, and inexpedient. Mobs are often the arguments of cowardice, sometimes of intolerance, frequently of impatience, rarely the result of calm deliberation, very rarely the expression of justice. Every man ought to set his face against them, in public and in private speak and act against them, and by the stern power of an enlightened public sentiment discountenance them, whatever may be the provocation. It is better to suffer wrong than do wrong. It is better to let wrong go unpunished than to usurp unlawful power, and use it in the name of justice. Wendell Phillips, by his treasonable utterances, would do little harm, compared with the injury done to public morals, order, safety, and permanent social peace, by a riot that strikes down a citizen without the regular process of law.

But is there no remedy for the wrong which such an arch traitor commits, who goes into the Capital of the nation and into the peaceful cities of the land, and blurts out his treason in the ears of the patriot people? Is the patience of the country to be tried, till its passions can no longer be restrained, by the unbounded license accorded to this enemy of the Constitution, this avowed hater of the Union, who glories in having devoted nineteen years of his life to its destruction? We have heard him curse the Union with an intensity of malignant bitterness that made every honest patriot's blood run cold. But even then we would not have had an unlawful hand laid on the head of this enemy of his country. And again we ask, is there no remedy?

There is, and we are now speaking words that the highest officers of government have already embodied, we doubt not, and on which they are acting, if they are wise as they are patriotic. The remedy is the IMPARTIAL application of LAW and POWER to the disunion traitor, whether his proclivities are Southern or Northern. Mr. Lincoln has the ability to command, Mr. Stanton has the ability to direct: and the country will sustain them in the measures they may take to apply the force of government in the work of self-preservation. Their attention we call to the speech which Phillips made in Washington, as published without criticism in the New York *Tribune*. He said:

> "Now, I love the Constitution, though my friend (Dr. Pierpont) who sits beside me has heard me curse it a hundred times, and I shall again if it does not mean justice. *I have labored nineteen years to take nineteen States out of this Union*, and if I have spent any nineteen years to the satisfaction of my Puritan conscience, it was those nineteen years.
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> "Unless within twelve months or twenty-four, Maryland is a free State, Delaware and half Virginia, would to God that building (the Capitol) with this city of Washington, had been shelled to ashes last July."

Speaking of the origin of the rebellion, Phillips declared that,

> "it was nobody's fault," but that "it is the inevitable result of the seeds our *fathers* planted seventy years ago"; and in another place, he says of the Fathers of the Republic, that they "dared not trust God."

Referring to Wm. Lloyd Garrison, the inveterate disunionist—who kept standing, time out of mind, at the head of his paper, the sentiment that the men who framed the Constitution had made "an agreement with death and a covenant with hell," he characterized him as a man who had done more,

> "in the Providence of God, to shape the fate of this generation than any other one," and that he (Phillips) was "proud to sit at his (Garrison's) feet."

Such a man ought not to be allowed to stir up dissension and sedition at such a time as this. And if the government at Washington, that has filled Fort Lafayette and Fort Warren with secession traitors, suffers such a man to talk treason in Washington, it loses the glory that crowns the administration of justice when its IMPARTIALITY commands the homage of an enlightened people.

But it is amusing, even in its seriousness, to read the fierce denunciations of the Cincinnati mob in the columns of those papers that have not a word to say when traitors of another stripe are mobbed! If Dr. Hawks should say in Irving Hall, "I have labored fifteen years to take fifteen States out of this Union," and if the Union is not broken up in two years, "would to God that the city of Washington had been shelled to ashes last July," he would have been hooted down and driven from the city. Some of the papers that now condemn the mob that hunted Phillips, would praise the mob for hunting Hawks. May we not go still further, and say that if a newspaper in this city should advocate the destruction of the Constitution, and the disruption of the Union, *to let the South go*, it would be suppressed instantly, and its conductors justly held responsible for treason to the government?

The New York *Tribune* says: "It is wickedly false that Mr. Phillips advocates treason." That depends altogether on what *treason* is. *The Tribune* may not be the best authority on that delicate question. We believe it is treachery to the country now, to wish the city of Washington laid in ashes if slavery is not abolished in Maryland. *Phillips* says that, and *The Tribune* devotes six columns to spreading the infamous speech in which the sentiment is uttered. We regard it as the quintessence of treason to speak or print such sentences as we have quoted from *The Tribune*, unless we quote them to protest against them in the name of the Constitution and the Union. The Springfield *Republican* says: "Wendell Phillips has the right to speak his opinions freely, and every friend of free speech must maintain that right." No, he has not. No man has a right to do wrong. No man has a right to smoke a cigar in a powder magazine. No man has a right to denounce the government of his country in time of war. No *disunionist* has a *right* to speak his sentiments anywhere *now*. We are in a state of war. Every man must stand by the Union or keep quiet. We are utterly opposed to mobbing Phillips or any other man. But the peace and safety of the country demand that his seditious tongue be silenced till the Union is reëstablished in peace. Let him be *indicted* for his sedition, and held to answer at the bar of justice for his offences, but let us have no mobs. Justice is slow, but mighty. An Abolition-disunionist is as dangerous an enemy now as a secession-disunionist, and if Fort Warren is open for the latter, let Fort Lafayette receive the former: or, still better, put them both together. They have labored in the same cause, let them rest together in the same walls.

A TONIC FOR ABOLITIONISTS.

From The Christian (?) Intelligencer.

SOME lawless and violent people in Cincinnati resolved, recently, to express their disgust of Abolitionism by closing the mouth of its most eloquent apostle, Mr. Wendell Phillips. This they did, not by words of retort or argument, but by the free use of eggs that had "outlived their usefulness." The affair was not very creditable to the belligerent party attacking the sentimental and vagrant orator, and on many accounts merits universal condemnation. But whatever censure the public may feel obliged to pronounce upon the affair, Mr. Phillips himself has no right to complain. He has been for sixteen years an avowed traitor, and is so still. His regard for the Constitution is of the same sort which Yancey and his fellow-conspirators have shown. He has labored long, and with some success, to raise a revolutionary mob on a grand scale, whose object shall be the destruction of the government. No other wandering crusader has avowed such bloodthirsty and ferocious sentiments as Mr. Phillips; and if his words have kindled firebrands to be hurled against himself, let him not shrink from confessing that he has done his very utmost to stir the fierce passions of the populace, both against and for him.

Moreover, as an addition to his capital-stock in trade, those refuse Western eggs will prove profitable to Mr. Phillips. He and his school have waxed fat on such food. For they like to make themselves odious, in order to become notorious. With them notoriety is power. They study the relation of cause and effect. So soon as they have been martyred by a stifling aroma of devitalized eggs, they then see themselves in condition to receive the fresh honors of a spontaneous ovation given in their behalf by the fiery zealots of the Abolition ranks. Mr. Phillips will, no doubt, soon be in New York, or Washington, or Boston, to demand the homage of his followers in more copious effusions than he has hitherto received it, and he will get it; for rotten eggs produce full-feathered Abolitionists. The brood are quickly generated by this method of matriculation. So, while others will condemn, Mr. Phillips will, no doubt, secretly thank, the Cincinnati rioters.

Selections.

WIPE OUT THE NATION'S SHAME.

[Want of room alone prevents us from printing entire the speech of Hon. HENRY WILSON of Massachusetts, upon Slavery in the District of Columbia, delivered in the Senate March 25th. It reveals by ample documentary citations the peculiar features of slavery in the District, and shows that the people of the whole country are responsible for its existence there. We give extracts.]

THE Constitution gave Congress the "power to exercise exclusive legislation in all cases whatsoever," over this ceded ten miles square we call the District of Columbia. Instead of providing a code of humane, equal, and uniform laws, for the government of the Capital of a Christian nation, Congress enacted, in 1801, that the laws of Maryland and Virginia, as they then stood, should be in force on the north and south sides of the Potomac. By this act, the inhuman and barbarous, the indecent and vulgar colonial slave codes of Maryland and Virginia became the laws of republican America for the government of its chosen Capital. By this act of national legislation the people of Christian America began the first year of the nineteenth century, by accepting, reaffirming, and reënacting for the government of their new Capital, the colonial legislation enacted for the government of the wild hordes of Africa, which the colonial and commercial policy of England forced upon Maryland and Virginia.

The National government, by reënacting the slave codes of the ceding States for the government of the ceded territory, accepted as its creed the wicked dogma that color, in the national Capital, is presumptive evidence of slavery. In 1827, the Committee on the District of Columbia in the House of Representatives, reported that "in this District, as in all slaveholding States in the Union, the legal presumption is, that persons of color going at large without any evidences of their freedom are absconding slaves, and *prima facie* liable to all the legal provisions applicable to that class of persons." The Committee state that in that part of the District ceded by Virginia, "a free negro may be arrested and put in jail for three months on suspicion of being a fugitive; he is then to be hired out to pay his jail fees; and if he does not prove his freedom within twelve months he is to be sold as a slave." In the territory ceded by Maryland, the Committee say that "if a free man of color should be apprehended as a runaway, he is subjected to the payment of all fines and rewards given by law for apprehending runaways, and upon failure to make such payment, is liable to be sold as a slave." The legal presumption that persons of color are "absconding slaves"—that if arrested as runaways they are "subject to the payment of all fines and rewards given by law for apprehending runaways"—that failing to pay such "fines and rewards" they are "liable to be sold as slaves," are the recognized doctrines in the national Capital of this Democratic Republic. For two generations has Christian America recognized in her Capital the wicked and guilty dogma that color is legal presumption that man, whom God made, and for whom Christ died, walking the earth in the pride of conscious manhood, is an "absconding slave" to be "apprehended as a runaway," "subjected to the payment of fines and rewards" or "to be sold as a slave to pay jail fees."

Clothed with the authority of legislation by the National government, the corporation of Washington, not content with this monstrous legal presumption that color is evidence of slavery, enacted on the 31st of May, 1827, that every negro and mulatto found residing in the City of Washington who shall not be able to establish his or her title to freedom, shall be committed to the jail of the County of Washington as absconding slaves. In what age of the world, in what land under the whole heavens, can you find an enactment of equal atrocity to this iniquitous and profligate statute—this legal presumption that color is evidence that man made in the image of God is an "absconding slave"?

This monstrous doctrine, abhorrent to every manly impulse of the heart, to every Christian sentiment of the soul, to every deduction of human reason which the refined and Christian people of America have upheld for two generations, which the Corporation of Washington enacted into an imperative ordinance, has borne its legitimate fruits of injustice and inhumanity, of dishonor and shame. Crimes against man, in the name of this abhorred doctrine, have been annually perpetrated in this National Capital, which should make the people of America hang their heads in abasement before the nations and before that Being who keeps watch and ward over the humblest of the children of men. Men and women of African descent, no matter in what State they were born, no matter what rights and privileges they possessed under the laws and institutions of the States from whence they came, have annually been seized, imprisoned, fined, and sometimes sold into perpetual servitude. This doctrine, that color is presumptive evidence of slavery—this ordinance, consigning its victims to imprisonment—offers a tempting bribe to the base, the selfish, the unprincipled, to become man-stealers and kidnappers. This bribe has converted government officials, justices of the peace, constables, and police officers into manufacturers of slaves. This bribe has annually filled your jail with its victims, making it the workshop where the selfish, the base, the ignoble, have plied their trade in the souls and bodies of men. Hundreds, aye thousands of men of African descent have been seized, arrested, imprisoned, since the District of Columbia became the seat of the National Capital. In January, 1829, the United States Marshal, in a letter addressed to the Committee of the House of Representatives on the District of Columbia, reported that in the three years from the 1st of January, 1826, to the first of January, 1829, 179 persons in Washington and Georgetown were arrested and committed to prison as absconding slaves. Of this number, 26 proved themselves to be free, and being fortunate enough to pay jail fees, were discharged. Six of these persons were sentenced by the jailor without trial, and sold as slaves, and the proceeds pocketed by the Marshal of the United States. Mr. Miner of Pennsylvania, in a speech in the House of Representatives in 1829, states that "a black man was taken up in August, 1821, and imprisoned as a runaway 405 days. In this time vermin, disease, and misery had deprived him of the use of his limbs. He was rendered a cripple for life, and finally discharged, as no one would buy him." More than 1,000 of the citizens of the District of Columbia, on the 24th of March, 1828, in a memorial to Congress, declared, "that it was not alone from the rapacity of slave-traders that the colored race in this District were doomed to suffer; that the laws sanction and direct a procedure unparalleled in glaring injustice by any thing among the governments of Christendom." They state that in the summer of 1827 "a colored man who stated that he was entitled to freedom, was taken up as a runaway slave and lodged in the jail of Washington City. He was advertised, but no one appearing to claim him, he was according to law put up at public auction for the payment of his jail fees, and sold as a slave for life! He was purchased by a slave-trader, who was not required to give security for his remaining in the District, and he was, soon after, shipped to Alexandria for one of the Southern States. An attempt was made by some benevolent individuals to have the sale postponed until his claim to freedom could be investigated, but their efforts were unavailing, and thus was a human being sold into perpetual bondage at the Capital of the freest government on earth, without even a pretence of trial, or an allegation of crime." The men of New England, New York and Pennsylvania of that generation were responsible before God for such deeds of inhumanity.

But we of this age, in America, are not guiltless of like enormities. Senators will remember that when Congress assembled in December last, we found nearly sixty human beings immured in our jail, under the authority of our Marshal and his officials, as fugitive slaves, and that of this number one man, admitted by all to be free, had been confined more than six months. Colored men of the free States, who have come with Northern regiments to the defence of the National Capital, have been seized and imprisoned in our jail as runaways by constables, and by that race of man-stealers, the legitimate offspring of this doctrine, that color is presumptive evidence of slavery. Men who have escaped from the camps of armed treason, who have given our military commanders important intelligence of the movements of rebel forces, appearing in the streets of Washington, are seized and thrust into jail by the creatures who see "slave" written on the forehead of every man through whose veins courses a drop of African blood. In this National Capital lurks a race of official and unofficial man-hunters, greedy, active, vigilant, dexterous, ever ready, by falsehood, trickery, or violence, to clutch the hapless black man who carries not with him a title-deed of freedom. Only a few days ago, these harpies of the land, more merciless than the wreckers of the seas, pounced upon and hurried to your jail two men your officers in the field had sent to Washington to give important intelligence to your Generals. For these deeds of inhumanity and injustice, the intelligent, patriotic, and Christian freemen of America are responsible before man and before God! And if we, their representatives, who now, for the first time, have the power, do not end these crimes against man forever, the guilt and shame will rest upon our souls, and we shall be consigned to the moral indignation of Christendom.

Justice to a wronged and oppressed race demands that this corrupt and corrupting doctrine that color is presumptive evidence of slavery in the Capital of the Republic shall be condemned, disowned, repudiated by the government of the United States. For two generations it has pressed with merciless force upon a race who mingled their blood with the blood of our fathers on the stricken fields of the war of Independence. In those days of trial, black men, animated by the same mighty impulse, fought side by side with our fathers to win for America a place among the nations. They rallied at the tap of the drum on the morning of the 19th of April, 1775, to meet the shock of the first battle of the Revolution. They poured their unerring shots into the bosom of the veteran troops of England as they moved up the slopes of Bunker Hill. They met and three times, by their steady valor, repulsed the charges of British veterans on the battle-field of Rhode Island, which Lafayette pronounced "the best-fought battle of the Revolution."

They fought and fell by the side of Ledyard at Fort Griswold. They shared in the glorious defence and victory at Red Bank, which will live in our history as long as the Delaware shall flow by the spot made immortal by their valor. They endured with our fathers uncomplainingly the toils and privations of the battle-fields and bivouacs of the seven years' campaigns of the Revolution from Lexington to Yorktown, to found in America a government which should recognize the rights of human nature. For more than sixty years, unmindful of their rights and ungrateful for their services in our hour of weakness, we have recognized in the Capital of the nation the wicked and insulting dogma which writes "slave" on the brow of all who inherit their blood. Let us of this age hasten to atone for this great wrong, by erasing that word from the brow of this proscribed race here, and making manhood, here at least, forever hereafter presumptive evidence of freedom.

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These colonial statutes of Maryland, reaffirmed by Congress in 1801—these ordinances of Washington and Georgetown, sanctioned in advance by the authority of the Federal government—stand this day unrepealed. Such laws and ordinances should [illegible] mitted longer to insult the reason, pervert the moral sense, or offend the taste of the people of America. Any people, mindful of the decencies of life, would not longer permit such enactments to linger before the eye of civilized man. Slavery is the prolific mother of these monstrous enactments. Bid slavery disappear from the District of Columbia, and it will take along with it this whole brood of brutal, vulgar, and indecent statutes. In spite of these oppressive and cruel enactments, which have pressed with merciless force upon the black race, bond and free, slavery, for more than half a century, has grown weaker, and the free colored stronger at every decade. Within the last half century, the free-colored population of the District of Columbia has increased from 4,000 to 12,000. In spite of the degrading influences of oppressive statutes, and a perverted public sentiment, this free colored population as it has increased in numbers, has increased also in property, in churches, schools, and all the means of social, intellectual, and moral development. This despised race, upon which we are wont to look down with emotions of pity, if not of contempt or of hate, are industrious and law-abiding—loyal to the government and its institutions. To-day, the free colored men of the District of Columbia possess hundreds of thousands of dollars of property, the fruits of years of honest toil—they have twelve churches, costing some $75,000, and eight schools for the instruction of their children. They are even compelled to pay for the support of public schools for the instruction of the white children, from which their own children are excluded by law, custom, and public opinion. Some of these free colored men are distinguished for intelligence, business capacity, and the virtues that grace and adorn man of every race. Some of these men have in possession considerable property, real and personal. If Senators will go to the office of this city where deeds are recorded, they will find there a mortgage deed, dated the 30th of January, 1858, in favor of Alfred Lee, a colored man of this District, to secure a debt of $12,000, signed by two Senators of the United States and their wives. One of those Senators, signing a mortgage deed to secure to a colored man of this District a loan of $12,000, is a member of the Senate to-day; the other sleeps on the shores of Lake Michigan, in the city of his adoption, and the State that honored him.

This bill proposes to strike the chains from the limbs of 3,000 bondmen in the District of Columbia, to erase the word "slave" from their foreheads, to convert them from personal chattels into free men, to lift them from the degradation of personal servitude to the dignity and responsibilities of manhood, to place them in the ranks of free colored men, to perform with them the duties and bear with them the responsibilities of life. This bill, if it shall become law, will simply take 3,000 men from humiliating and degrading servitude, and add them to the 12,000 free colored men of this District, to be absorbed in that mass of industrious and law-abiding men. The passage of this bill by the Congress of the United States will not, cannot, disturb for a moment the peace, the order, the security of society. Its passage will excite in the bosoms of the enfranchised, not wrath, hatred, nor revenge, but love, joy, and gratitude. These enfranchised bondmen will be welcomed by the free colored population with bounding hearts, throbbing with gratitude to God for inspiring the nation with the justice and the courage to strike the chains from the limbs of their neighbors, friends, relatives, brothers, and lifting from their own shoulders the burdens imposed upon them by the necessities, the passion, and the pride of slaveholding society.

This bill to give liberty to the bondman deals justly, aye, generously, by the master. The American people, whose moral sense has been outraged by slavery and the black codes enacted in the interests of slavery, in the District of Columbia, whose fame has been soiled and dimmed by the deeds of cruelty perpetrated in their national Capital, would stand justified in the forum of nations if they should smite the fetter from the bondman regardless of the desires and interests of the master. With generous magnanimity, this bill tenders compensation to the master, out of the earnings of the toiling freemen of America. In the present condition of the country, the proposed compensation is full, ample, equitable.

But the Senator from Kentucky (Mr. Davis) raises his warning voice against the passage of this measure of justice and beneficence. He assumes to speak like one having authority. He is positive, dogmatic, emphatic, and prophetic. He repeatedly assured the Senate that he gave utterance to what he knew; that his warnings and predictions were infallible prophecies. The Senator predicted, in excited if not angry tones, that the passage of this bill, giving freedom to three thousand bondmen, will bring into this District beggary and crime, that the "liberated negroes will become a sore, a burden, and a charge"; that they "will be criminals"; that "they will become paupers"; that "they will be engaged in crimes and petty misdemeanors"; that "they will become a charge, a pest and a blight upon this society." The Senator emphatically declared, "I know what I talk about!" "I speak from what I know!" Assured, confident, defiant, bitter, the Senator asserts that "a negro's idea of freedom is freedom from work," that after they acquire their freedom they become "lazy," "indolent," "thriftless," "worthless," "inefficient," "vicious," "vagabonds." The Senator from Kentucky, who speaks with so much assurance, may have the right to speak in these terms of emancipated slaves in Kentucky, but he has no authority to speak of the 12,000 free colored men of the District of Columbia. One-sixth part of the population of this District are free persons of color. Under the weight of oppressive laws, and a public opinion poisoned by slavery, they have, by their industry, their obedience to law, their kindly charities to each other, established a character above such reproaches as the Senator from Kentucky applies to emancipated bondmen. As a class, the free colored people of this District are not worthless, vicious, thriftless, indolent, vagabonds, criminals, paupers, nor are they a charge and a pest upon this society. The Senator from Kentucky, sir, has no right to apply to them these disparaging epithets. Do they not support themselves by their industry and thrift? Do they not support their own Churches? Do they not support their own schools? Do they not also support schools for the education of white children, from which their own are excluded? Do they not care for their sick and their dying? Do they not bury their dead free of public charge? What right, then, has the Senator from Kentucky to come into this Chamber and attempt to deter us from executing this act of emancipation, by casting undeserved reproaches upon the free colored population of the District? Their condition this day demonstrates the utter absurdity of the doctrines and prophecies so oracularly announced by the Senator from Kentucky.

But the Senator from Kentucky, upon this simple proposition to emancipate in the National Capital three thousand bondmen with compensation to loyal masters, chooses to indulge in talk about "aggressive and destructive schemes," "unconstitutional policy," the "horrors of the French Revolution," the "heroic struggle of the peasants of La Vendee," and the "deadly resistance" which the "whole white population of the slaveholding States, men, women and children, would make to unconstitutional encroachments." Why, sir, does the Senator indulge in such allusions? Have not the American people the constitutional right to relieve themselves from the guilt and shame of upholding slavery in their National Capital? Would not the exercise of that right be sanctioned by justice, humanity and religion? Does the Senator suppose that we, the representatives of American freemen, will cowardly shrink from the performance of the duties of the hour, before these dogmatic avowals of what the men of the slaveholding States will do? Sir, I tell the Senator from Kentucky that the day has passed by in the Senate of the United States for intimidation, threat or menace from the champions of slavery. I would remind the Senator that the people whose representatives we are, now realize in the storms of battle that slavery is and must ever be the relentless and unappeasable enemy of free institutions in America, the mortal enemy of the unity and perpetuity of the Republic. Slavery, perverting the reason, blinding the conscience, extinguishing the patriotism of vast masses of its supporters, plunged the nation into the fire and blood of rebellion. The loyal people of America have seen hundreds of thousands of brave men abandon their peaceful avocations, leave their homes and their loved ones, and follow the flag of their country to the field, to do soldiers' duties, and fill, if need be, soldiers' graves, in defense of their perilled country; they have seen them fall on fields of bloody strife, beneath the folds of the national flag; they have seen them suffering, tortured by wounds or disease, in camps and hospitals; they have seen them return home, maimed by shot or shell, or bowed with disease; they have looked with sorrowful hearts upon their passing coffins, and gazed sadly upon their graves, among their kindred or in the land of the stranger; and they realize—yes, sir, they know—that slavery has caused all their blood, disease, agony, and death. Realizing all this, they are in no temper to listen to the threats or menaces of the apologists or defenders of the wicked, guilty, and gigantic criminal that now stands, with uplifted hand, to strike a death-blow to the national life. While the brave and loyal men of the Republic are facing its shots and shells on bloody fields, their representatives will hardly quail before the frowns and menaces of its champions in these chambers.

The Senator from Kentucky proposes, by his amendment to remove from the District, from the United States, the persons emancipated under the provisions of this bill. He tells us that "whenever any power, constitutional or unconstitutional, assumes the responsibility of liberating slaves where slaves are numerous, they establish, as inexorably as fate, a conflict between the races that will result in the exile or extermination of the one race or the other. I know it." How does the Senator know it! In what age and in what country has the emancipation of one race resulted in the extermination of the one race or the other? In what chapter of the history of the world is such exterminating warfare recorded? Nearly a quarter of a century ago England struck the chains from eight hundred thousand of her West India bondmen. There has been no conflict there between the races. Other European nations have emancipated their colonial bondmen. No wars of races have grown out of those deeds of emancipation. One sixth part of the population of the District of Columbia are free colored persons, emancipated slaves or the children of emancipated slaves. The existence of this numerous class of liberated slaves has not here established, "as inexorably as fate," a "conflict between the races." More than one sixth of the population of Delaware are free colored persons—emancipated slaves or the descendants of emancipated slaves. The existence in Delaware of this large class of emancipated slaves has not produced a war of races. The people of Delaware have never sought to "hunt them like beasts and exterminate them." One eighth of the population of Maryland are free men of African descent. No exterminating warfare of races rages on the soil of Maryland. Emancipation does not inevitably lead to an exterminating war of races. In our country, the enfranchisement of the bondman has tended to elevate both races, and has been productive of peace, order, and public security. The doctrines so confidently proclaimed by the Senator from Kentucky have no basis whatever to rest upon, either in reason or history. The Senate, I am sure, will not close the chapters of history which record the enfranchisement of bondmen, nor will they ignore the results of their own experience and observation, under the influences of the positive, impassioned, and emphatic assertions of the Senator from Kentucky.

PROPOSAL FOR A NATIONAL CONVENTION.

Correspondence of The Evening Post.

PRINCETON, Ill., March 27, 1862.

I READ with much satisfaction in a late number of *The Evening Post* a communication from Boston, stating that it is in contemplation there to call a National Convention of the friends of emancipation at Washington. A meeting of this kind would, it seems to me, have a great and important influence upon the emancipation movement, bringing together, as it would, men of all shades of opinion among the opponents of slavery. For it is a noticeable fact that all former differences of opinion among anti-slavery people seem at this time to be merged in the great practical idea of emancipation. All seem to have brought their peculiar notions, whims and crotchets about Constitution and law, and laid them on the altar to be sacrificed to the common good, and are earnest for a united movement to rid the country of the mighty evil that has brought the government into peril and compelled such immense sacrifices in its defence, and which stands directly in the way of the restoration of peace and future harmony.

Such a convention as thus proposed by your Boston correspondent would, perhaps, bring together more men of deep thought, great talent, and earnest and unselfish patriotism, than any national assemblage since the formation of the Constitution. The call will, undoubtedly, bring delegates from Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, Missouri, Kentucky, and, perhaps, Tennessee and North Carolina. The West, you may rest assured, will be fully represented, and New England and the middle States will not be behind. It seems to me that such a convention could not but have a great and desirable influence upon public opinion, and give the tardy movements of Congress a shove forward, which most people argue is just now much needed.

I trust that *The Evening Post* will second this movement, from which such good results may be looked for. There are hundreds of the very best patriots of the country ready to respond to the call, and unite in calm, earnest and thoughtful deliberation upon the great question now pressing upon us for decision. All that is wanting is for proper arrangements to be made, and the time and place definitely fixed upon. Washington is far from being a central place, but the influence of the meeting would, undoubtedly, be much greater at this point than any other, and this ought to decide the question in its favor. As to the time, the earliest day that will give time for a general circulation of the notice would be the best.

THE EXPERIMENT AT PORT ROYAL.

THE special correspondent of *The Tribune* at Port Royal (known to be a man of strict integrity) gives an interesting account of the commencement and progress of the experiment, initiated by private enterprise and sanctioned and assisted by the government, of cultivating the abandoned plantations of the Sea Islands by free or paid labor. The first company, which arrived on the 7th of March, consisted of 43 men and 12 women. All but two of them are at or near Beaufort. They had with them tools, seeds, clothing and books, and were at once assured of the cordial coöperation of Gen. Sherman, Gen. Stevens, and all the principal officers of the army and navy. Two weeks were spent in a general survey of the islands and plantations, in establishing agents and distributing supplies. By the 22d all the agents were assigned to their stations, occupying six islands, which embrace 172 plantations. On some estates they found the negroes doing well, working faithfully, and developing the full capacity of the soil. Such do not require superintendence, and the number of agents now there is sufficient for all the labor that is intended. The rebels stripped many of the estates of everything in the way of provisions, and there was consequently much destitution and suffering. Cattle, mules, and horses were also taken, and are now greatly needed. Cotton cultivation is left to the drivers on the plantations, all of whom are negroes, and who, though their fellows are no longer slaves, retain much influence and authority. The agents are thus left to general oversight, and have leisure to inculcate habits of industry and thrift. It is not expected that a large crop of cotton can be raised, as the planting will be late, and the land is much of it in bad order; so, if the first crop pays expenses, it may be deemed a success. Negroes who are habitually idle or refuse to work are sent to the Quartermaster, who gives them a little military discipline, which they are careful not to subject themselves to a second time. The negroes work better with set tasks than by the day, as that has always been the custom. Thus far, corn and potatoes only have been planted, the cotton-planting season being all the month of April. The business of education is scarcely begun, but the little that has been done gives fair promise. The correspondent reasserts that the negroes go readily to work, and that idleness is the exception and not the rule.

SLAVES WITHIN THE ARMY LINES.

THE following is extracted from a letter to *The Congregationalist* by Rev. A. H. Quint, chaplain of the 2d Mass. Regiment, connected with Gen. Banks's division on the Potomac. For several years Mr. Quint has been pastor of the Congregationalist Church at Jamaica Plains, Mass., by whom he is so highly esteemed that they refused to receive his resignation when, at the commencement of the war, he accepted the office he now holds in the army. Mr. Quint is a native of Dover, where he is so well and favorably known, that the sentiments which he seems deliberately to have formed will receive marked attention. His opinions upon the slavery question are quite adverse to those he entertained before the war:

"I am no fanatic. I never even voted a Republican ticket. I would treat tenderly those thus perverted. But this eight months' campaign on slave soil, in localities where slavery assumes its mild type, has made me feel—and I do assure my conservative ministerial brethren—that the whole system is infamous. 'The sins of slavery?' There are none; it is slaveholding itself that is the sin. Its effects on the masters is one of its greatest evils; it perverts the conscience, warps the intellect, brutalizes the heart.

"Believe no such nonsense as that 'the slaves are contented.' They, with no noticeable exception, *long* to be free. Nor is there any difficulty in settling the slave question so far as our armies go. The property is thenceforth good for nothing. Crowds of blacks forsake their masters at the first opportunity. In this very place, over and over again, do they say, 'I have worked so many years for my master, now I want to work for myself.' They are docile, peaceable and industrious. They say, 'only *hire* us and *try* us.' *Can* it be that government means to remand these now happy fugitives again to their oppressors? As an army we have nothing to do with slavery. We neither entice nor drive back. The blacks take care of themselves. I was amused with one case at Charlestown. A master refused to sell any chickens, even, 'because,' said he, 'I must feed my poor servants, who will never leave me,' and he wanted a guard over his property. In a few days his 'poor servants' were all gone, and this aristocratic son of one of the 'first families of Virginia' was himself taking care of his solitary cow and pig."

SLAVERY IN OHIO.

A CURIOUS development has just been made in Ohio. A Select Committee of the State Legislature was recently appointed to visit and report upon the condition of the rebel prisoners from Fort Donelson, now confined at Camp Chase, and in their report they say:

"Your committee found seventy-four negroes in the prisons—mostly taken at Fort Donelson. Of these, from what they could learn, a few were free when taken—having been hired by officers as cooks and servants. The remainder, perhaps fifty in number, were slaves in attendance upon their masters, and while so employed were taken, along with their masters! None of them were in arms—all of them having been retained for menial service merely. Since their capture they have travelled with their masters, attending and serving them as before. On their arrival at Columbus they took charge of and carried the baggage of their former masters from [illegible] Chase—the men having no servants being compelled to carry their own, as our men do on similar occasions. Arrived at the camp, the privates were, as far as possible, separated from the officers, and for obvious reasons placed in different prisons. But the negroes were placed in the same prisons with the officers who were their former masters. Why? unless that they might continue to attend and serve those former masters? And they have ever since done so—cooking, washing, waiting upon and serving them just as before their capture—*the relation of master and slave being as rigorously maintained by the master, and as fully recognized by the negroes and the other inmates of the prison, as it ever was in the State of Tennessee.*

"But why were these slaves taken at all? They were not, and had not been, in arms against the government. Their presence at Fort Donelson was not even voluntary. *Why are they retained in prison?* They have done no wrong—they deserve no punishment. Is it to furnish rebel officers with servants? and was it for this they were transported at the expense of the government, and are now subsisted at her cost? Is our constitutional provision thus to be made a nullity, and slavery practically established in Ohio? and this under the protection and at the expense of the Federal government?"

Moreover the Committee report as follows on another point:

"As to rebel officers released on parole, your Committee could not get much definite information, other than that, with a few exceptions, these paroles were granted by order of Gen. Halleck. That the clemency so shown was mistaken, the following facts as to the conduct of these officers while in Columbus will show: They came wearing their side arms, stopped at the principal hotels, registered their names as 'Colonel,' 'Major,' or 'Captain,' with the significant letters 'C. S. A.' added; appearing from day to day in rebel uniform (some of them gaudy, all of them noticeable) in the offices and parlors, and at the public tables of these hotels, and in the streets and drives of the city; frequenting the theatre and other places of public amusement, and visiting the Senate and House Chambers, where, with marked consideration, *they have been invited to privileged seats within the bar*; at all these places, and on all these occasions, giving expression to sentiments of continued adherence to the rebel cause, and of utter hostility to the government and people of the United States.

"While prominent officers are thus enjoying the freedom of the city, and the luxuries of hotel life, hundreds of poor and ignorant privates, some of them impressed and all of them deceived into the rebel service—penitent for the wrongs they have done—ready, willing and anxious to take the oath of allegiance—are kept confined in the prisons at Camp Chase."

THE FREE BLACKS IN MARYLAND.

Correspondence of The Evening Post.

BALTIMORE, March 29, 1862.

A SHREWD observer of things called my attention, a day or two ago, to the solution of the question why the free blacks increase so rapidly in Maryland, in the face of the discouragements to emancipation. I saw at once, in looking at the subject from the usual standpoints, that I could not satisfactorily account for the phenomenon. My friend gave me the key to the question, and here it is. For the last forty years, and more especially the last twenty, slave men have sought out free colored women for wives, for the reason that their progeny is free, as it follows the mother, according to the maxim of the Roman law, *Partus sequitur ventrem*. The moment this solution of the question was presented, I saw at once its force and adequacy. And this accounts also, in part, for the steady decrease in the slave population, for the sales to the far South for the last few years have on an average absorbed the natural increase by birth. The good sense displayed by the slave men of Maryland in this disposition of their affections redounds greatly to their credit. It vindicates them from the libels of their enemies in one respect, at least.

A very intelligent bank president was much exercised yesterday about the proposition of Mr. Lincoln to the slave States, proffering them compensation by the Federal government for their slaves if they will set them free. He thought it was a gross insult. One of his interlocutors asked him whether he thought that the North or the South would conquer in the present conflict? He at once admitted that the North would, but he thought that the South would continue to wage a bitter guerilla warfare for years to come from its swamps, fastnesses and other hiding places. His interlocutor thought this was probable, but asked whether he thought the North would not avail itself of the negro population of the South to put down this guerilla warfare, and whether, in such an event, it would not be better for Maryland to be without slaves, especially if she were paid for them by the United States. Our bank president instantly saw the force of the question, and confessed he had not looked into the future so far. The result of the conversation was that he modified his opinion of Mr. Lincoln's proposition, and did not know but that it would be the part of wisdom for Maryland to accept it. The leaven is daily working. There is a penny paper here that occasionally gives the subject an airing. It only needs a vigorous public treatment of the question to change public opinion.

A spiteful retaliation upon the blacks has of late been shown by the secessionists of this city. They have been discharging from their employ colored servants, by way of wreaking their vengeance on them, as the cause of the present rebellion. But I am glad to say that the doors of Unionists are at once opened to these new victims of prejudice, and as yet there is no suffering amongst these valuable servants. The Union sentiments of the free colored people have been distasteful to their secession employers, and the Irish servants they take instead are nearly all secessionists. All this is, however, but one of the exhibitions of the upheaval of society and social relations in the slave States.

TABOOING THE BLACK MAN.

THE Constitutional Convention of Illinois, engaged in the serious labor of reconstituting the governmental forms of the State, has voted to exclude negroes not only from the rights of franchise, but from residence within the boundaries of Illinois. This decision was arrived at after [illegible] acrimonious debate, in which many arguments were adduced on both sides of the question. On the part of the exclusionists it was contended that an attempt to create an equality between the white and black races would not tend to elevate the inferior, but rather to drag down the superior; that God and nature had drawn the line of separation; that the black—because he is black—is entitled neither to the right of suffrage nor of equality. The anti-exclusionists argued that the effort to crush out a weak and despised and degraded race was ill-suited to the dignity of a sovereign State; that the attempt to outlaw a helpless people, who have committed no crime, was deliberately unjust and cruel; and that the very constitutional provision which declares the right of all men to the enjoyment of life, liberty and property is violated by the enactment of a law which forbids any one class from settling in a certain district of territory.

An eloquent speech delivered in the Convention by Mr. Anthony sums up the argument of the anti-exclusionists in these terse sentences:

> "There is nothing in all history which furnishes a parallel except the expulsion of the Moors from Spain. There they resorted to fire and sword—we may have to do it—but I warn you of the retribution of a Providence which watches over the weak and feeble, and will protect them from merciless cruelty and injustice. I look upon this as an attempt to use the sovereign power of this great free people of this great free State of Illinois to crush out a weak, feeble, despised, down-trodden and degraded race, who are guilty of no crime, except of being born black. It is an attempt to make the free people of the great State of Illinois hold the slaves of the South in bondage, while they abuse and oppress them. And finally, it is an attempt to use the free people of this State to perpetuate slavery, and to prevent those who would free their bondmen from doing it. Why should the sovereignty of this great free people be invoked to crush and put down the poor, helpless, yet despised, harmless negro race? What have they done that they should be thus treated? Are negroes to-day in arms against this government? Are negroes to-day plotting treason? Who brought them here? How came they to darken our borders? A burning sun looks upon their native wilds six thousand miles away. God and solitude alone reign in their homes—poor, weak, degraded creatures! Seven dark, dismal centuries have passed over your benighted heads, and still the heel of the oppressor is upon your neck. Have not the freemen of Illinois another mission than to outlaw and degrade the now already forsaken wanderer in this land? Eighty thousand of the brave sons of Illinois are to-day fighting for liberty on a Southern soil and beneath a Southern sky. The great battle of the ages is upon us, and yet we are plotting against the liberty of a race that has few advocates and few friends."

It seems to us that this argument is unanswerable. That the Convention refused to heed it is but an additional evidence that partisan prejudice has once more overcome the dictates of humanity and common sense. [illegible] pass their verdict upon the work of their Constitutional Convention, so that there is hope of an amendment of a measure so odious as this compulsory banishment of the blacks. The example of the State of New York, which permits a residence to the negro and his exercise of the right of franchise under certain property restrictions which are not onerous, should show these Illinois Constitution-makers that a great State can afford to be charitable to a race whose privileges are at the best but few and unsatisfactory. The cry of "abolitionism" has nothing whatever to do with justice to the black man.—*Evening Post.*

THE FUTURE OF SLAVERY.

From The Springfield Republican.

THERE is a certain class of men, all over the North—we have them even in Massachusetts—who have been educated in the belief that there is a degree of sacredness about the institution of slavery which really pertains to no other institution. Even to-day, while the whole military and naval power of the country is roused to the effort of loosing the grasp of the Slave Power upon its throat, there are men not wholly idiots, or consciously traitors, who think and speak tenderly of "the rights of slavery." They would not object to taking the horse of a slaveholding rebel, or a barn full of hay, or a thousand barrels of flour—nay, they would not much object to taking the rebel himself and shutting him up in Fort Warren; but when we come to lay hands upon his nigger—when we talk of emancipating the poor fellow who has been held all his life in unrequited bondage—their hands are thrown up in holy horror. It seems to them that slavery has a great many more rights under the Constitution than any other institution. There would seem to be absolute insanity on this point. Good God! The institution of slavery to be treated tenderly by Northern men, on account of the sacredness of its rights under a Constitution whose obligations it has shaken off! Slavery to be patronized, and emancipation in any form to be opposed by a Northern party that proposes to draw its support from a people decimated and taxed to keep slavery from destroying the Republic!

Well, gentlemen, try it. The administration has taken its ground on this point, and the Republican party stands with it. If slavery wants anything, even as favorable to itself as the emancipation message of the President, it has got to wind up this war in a very few months. If slavery would save itself any rights, it must lay down its arms in a very short space of time. It has forfeited everything, and must forever remain, if it remain at all, simply a tolerated institution; and if men at the North wish to undertake the organization of a party based upon the old, unrestricted Slave Power, let them try it. We assure them of one thing, as the result of this war, viz: that the Republican principle of the restriction of the power and territory of slavery will be vindicated and established.

The American people, no matter what their political antecedents may have been, will never consent to see slavery extended over another foot of territory, will never consent to a predominance of the Slave Power in the national councils, will never consent to see slavery more than an unwillingly tolerated institution. Respect for the Constitution, as it was framed by the fathers, is alone that which will give slavery a peaceful foothold in the States where it exists. The policy of this nation, dating from the moment of the issue of President Lincoln's message, is to be for freedom, and not for slavery. The government forever changes front on this question. It says that the abolition of slavery is something to be desired. It opens facilities and points out means for its abolition by emancipation. Here stands the Administration, and here the party that placed it in power.

Now if the Democrats in Congress and around Washington wish to confront this attitude of the government, let them try it. Let them start their old machine, and advertise that it is to operate against the emancipation of the slaves in the mode suggested by the President; and the country will grind them to powder. The country has learned something if they have not, and will in time teach them what they do not know. While we think it would be well for them to wait a little, we do not make the request on account of the government, the Republican party, or ourselves. The experiment may as well be tried first as last, and the rebels at the South and their sympathizers at the North whipped out at the same time. We simply warn them that the reign of the Slave [illegible] is ended, and that any party [illegible] the old ground of the De[illegible] the start.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 12, 1862.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "EDITOR OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 5 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "PUBLISHER OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 5 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

REMOVAL.

THE office of THE STANDARD will be removed, on or before the first of May, to No. 48 Beekman st., a few doors below William.

A STATESMAN WANTED.

NATIONS grow wise slowly. Too often not soon enough to save themselves from destruction. We are now undergoing a severe discipline of events intended, doubtless, to make us wise unto our salvation. Whether we shall have grace to use it so or not, is the most interesting problem which can attract the attention of intelligent beings. The great lesson of our present experience is to make us feel, in our own persons and in our boasted prosperity, that it is righteousness only that establishes a Nation, and Justice that makes its foundations assured. We have been endeavoring for more than seventy years to build up the city of our prosperity on a foundation weakened by injustice, fraud and cruelty, and have thought to alter the necessary and eternal qualities of things by baptizing them with holy and reverend names. At last, by the inevitable operation of natural laws, the foundations have begun to crumble beneath us, and the embattled turrets, with all their glittering spires and pinnacles, threaten to come ruining down upon our heads. The warning is given us, that we may be wise enough to renew the foundation of the city of our hope, withdrawing its element of weakness and replacing it by principles of everlasting strength. Shall we listen to the divine voice speaking to us in our calamity, or shall we try once more conclusions with God, and endeavor to set the weak inventions of our selfishness against the might of His eternal purpose? We cannot tell. We hope the best; but it is a time that, above all preceding times, calls for watchfulness, fidelity and truthfulness on the part of those set to look into the night and to proclaim the signs of the times.

It is strange to see how the enchantments of slavery still prevail over the intelligent and well-disposed, as well as the ignorant and the politically profligate. That there is a divinity that hedges it about, superior to that which guards any other of our constitutional rights, is all but universally received—tacitly admitted, if not openly avowed. Though it is not a fair and seductive Delilah that has robbed the strong man of his strength, but a filthy and malignant hag, with evil eye and shrivelled sinews, she has learnt the secret of subduing him all the same, and thus obtained the power of delivering him into the hands of the Philistines. The question now is, whether he has reserved energy enough to break her spells, and discomfit and defy her malice. To leave metaphors, however, the necessity of shaping our public affairs with a supreme respect and a constant eye to the necessities of slavery has debauched and dwarfed most of our public men, so that they have not the gift to see nor the power to do, if they could see, what the exigency of the nation demands. Slavery having been, for so many years, made the one grand controlling interest of the country, it seems almost impossible for men, not undiscerning in other matters of public concern, to learn that it can ever cease to be such, even by its own treasonable acts. Hence the endeavors to direct the course of events in such a way that slavery shall not be driven to desperation, but that, whenever the war comes to an end, there shall be no obstruction to pacification and reconstruction from that source. [illegible]ceeds vacillation and weakness [illegible] and delay and discomfiture [illegible] has come. The Border States [illegible] influence out of all proportion to their importance in the Cabinet and in Congress, merely by reason of the men they own. Washington kept in a state of siege, with a garrison of hundreds of thousands of men and hundreds of cannon, and the Potomac blockaded, by a handful of regiments and a few parks of wooden guns, and why? It cannot be supposed that the Commander-in-Chief knew this state of things and permitted the country to suffer under its ignominy, and to run the imminent risk of foreign war because of it, to say nothing of the two hundred millions it cost, when he could have put an end to it four months ago. It was because the gates of the camp and the ears of the General were closed to the very best friends the nation has, lest slavery might thereby be offended.

It is no wonder that these things should have given new heart and fresh hope to all the base panders of slavery throughout the free States, under whatever party names they may disguise themselves. These secret friends of secession, who have only been withheld by coward fear from the open sympathy, since the outbreak, which they blatantly gave it before, now see a prospect of the good old times returning, when slavery governed the nation through the Democratic party, and its spoils were apportioned among the legions according to the share they had had in the victory. These men disguise, under professions of admiration of the President and of a cordial desire to see the rebellion suppressed, a real wish to see the Slave Power again supreme in the nation, with themselves as its mercenaries. Everything looking towards Emancipation, even the punishment of the rebels, if it affect their property in men, any interference with slave property, however essential to ultimate success, meets with their malignant misrepresentations and loudest denunciations. A General is popular in proportion rather to the number of slaves than of the number of the enemy that he has helped to capture. The General-in-Chief is their idol, from the belief, we trust a mistaken one, that he is the leader of their party as well as of the army, and that the victory of the one will be but the triumph of the other. And all the time they are stimulating the base prejudices and vile passions of the ignorant vulgar by appeals to their selfish fears, in case black labor is brought into competition with their own, and to their love of the brutal excitements of mobocratic violence. And the lack of a decided policy on the part of the government and the dominant party as to slavery, present and future, helps to strengthen and build up this insidious company of deadly enemies within its lines, and many of them in its pay. The Republican party is thus made to prepare the way for the triumphant march of their defeated enemies back again into the Capital, and the President to set the White House in order for the reception certainly of a pro-slavery, probably of a slaveholding, possibly of a secessionist successor.

Happily, it is not yet too late to remedy these evils and avert these omens. The bulk of the nation, we see every reason to believe, is waiting eagerly for right and vigorous leading. They will follow fast wherever the President leads in the right direction, and will trample out of sight the traitorous hypocrites who now exalt their horn. We believe it is to the want of heart, occasioned by doubts and fears, whether the government contemplated any results of victory other than defeat would procure, that accounts for the Democratic victories in so many States and municipalities lately. A well-grounded hope of a better state of things to come than that from which we are just struggling, would [illegible] the Republican party, [illegible] masters of th[illegible] [illegible]ded to re[illegible] [illegible]d off [illegible] metal. [illegible]ght to salute with the splendid title of statesman men whose claim to it lay only in the base cunning or the profligate impudence with which they told us that the first of moral and political duties was to continue to commit the crimes which the nation had organized into statutes or accepted as its common law, and to conquer as prejudices the instinctive repugnance of humanity at the demand. A true statesman is one who seeks out the eternal principles of law which proceed from the mind of God, and teaches men to adapt their political institutions to them. As the philosopher and the inventor search after the true laws of mind and of matter, that men may be made wiser and stronger, so the statesman, who deserves the name, examines into the divine laws which, obeyed, will lead States to the truest strength, prosperity and glory. Charlatans and pretenders are they who endeavor to contrive mechanical, moral or political machinery upon theories which neglect or defy the supreme laws of the Universe. Our infelicity has been, for many years, that it was next to impossible for a truly statesmanlike man to acquire a position in which he could influence our affairs. Out of the ebullition of this revolution—for such our present condition really is—perhaps some such God-like shape may ascend. The nation has waited long for him, and will be ready to welcome him should he appear, for it has been the one want under which it has suffered, and which its circumstances made it almost vain to hope that it would ever be supplied. And we may be sure that, whenever he assumes his rightful predominance, the first thing he will devise will be the ridding of our machine of State of the disturbing, entangling, destructive impediment of slavery, that its beauty and strength be renewed and endure forever.

TWENTY-EIGHTH ANNIVERSARY

OF THE

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

THE Twenty-eighth Annual Meeting of the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY will be held in the Church of the Puritans (Dr. Cheever's), in the City of New York, on Tuesday, May 6th, commencing at 10 o'clock a.m. In the evening, another public meeting will be held in the Cooper Institute, commencing at half past 7 o'clock. The names of speakers for these meetings will be seasonably announced.

The Society will meet for business purposes only, in the Lecture Room of the Church of the Puritans, at 3½ p.m. on Wednesday.

The object of this Society is still—as at its formation—the immediate and total abolition of slavery wherever existing on the American soil, because of its inherent sinfulness, immorality, oppression and barbarity, and its utter repugnance to all the precepts of the Gospel, and all the principles of genuine Democracy; its measures are still the same, peaceful, moral, rational, legal, constitutional; its instrumentalities are still the same—the pen, the press, the lecturing field, tracts and other publications, etc., etc., disseminating light and knowledge in regard to the tyrannical power claimed, possessed and exercised by slaveholders, the actual condition of their miserable victims, and the guilty complicity of the people of the North, religiously, politically, governmentally, with those who "trade in slaves and the souls of men"; its spirit is still the same—long-suffering, patient, hopeful, impartial, benevolent alike to the oppressor and the oppressed, zealously intent on "promoting the general welfare and securing the blessings of liberty" universally, "knowing no East, no West, no North, no South," but embracing the whole country in its charitable and humane concern, and conflicting with nothing just, honest, noble and Christian in sentiment, practice or tendency.

In regard to the struggle now going on between the government and the rebel States, this Society is unequivocally with the government, because it has done no wrong to those States, nor furnished any justification for such a treasonable procedure on their part. Yet the Society sees in this awful conflict the fulfilment of the prophetic declaration—"Ye have not proclaimed liberty, every man to his brother, and every man to his neighbor; therefore, I proclaim a liberty for you, saith the Lord, to the sword, to the pestilence, and to the famine"; and it trusts that, in the spirit of sincere repentance and deep humiliation, acknowledging the righteous retribution which has come upon them, THE PEOPLE will imperatively demand of the government (now that it has the constitutional right under the war power) that it forth[illegible] immediate and [illegible] abolition of slavery, so that peace may be restored on an enduring basis, and the unity of the nation preserved through universal justice.

☞ THE NEW YORK (CITY) ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY will hold its Anniversary in the Cooper Institute on WEDNESDAY evening, May 7th.

MR. GORDON PARDONED.—On Thursday, 3d inst., the President, after a thorough examination of the case of the Rev. George Gordon, issued a pardon, prefacing it in these words:

"Whereas, On the 6th of November, 1861, in the District Court of the United States for the Northern District of Ohio, one Geo. Gordon was indicted and convicted for a violation of the Fugitive Slave law, to wit: 'Resisting process in the hands of a Deputy Marshal in his attempt to arrest a fugitive slave,' and was sentenced by said Court to six months imprisonment and to pay a fine of $300 with the costs of prosecution; and whereas, it is credibly represented that the said Geo. Gordon did not participate in the incitement to and the origin of the said riotous proceeding, and was not otherwise guilty than that near the end of the scene he did encourage and support the riotous breach of law, by his presence and consent; and whereas considering his reverend calling as a minister of the Gospel, his reputation for piety, learning, and talents, and the high estimation in which, as the President is credibly informed, he is held by the community which knows him best, it does now appear to the President that his sentence, though legal, was yet severe, and that by his imprisonment and sufferings he has atoned sufficiently for his offense, and that in his case the law has been vindicated;

"Now, therefore," etc., etc., etc.

It appears by the following paragraph from a Cleveland paper that Mr. Gordon refuses the pardon:

"The President's pardon for the Rev. George Gordon, now in jail at Cleveland, was handed to him on Saturday. The pardon states that Gordon was legally convicted of violating the Fugitive Slave law, but that owing to his piety, learning, and reverend calling, and the fact that he is probably sufficiently punished, he is unconditionally pardoned. When this document was taken to Gordon he said that he would take the subject under advisement. He declared that if the matter were pressed, he should absolutely decline. Gordon objects to the clause in the pardon stating that he was legally convicted. He declares that the conviction was illegal, and has ever insisted that his friends should so hold. And so the matter rests, Gordon remaining in jail, where he will probably stay until his term expires."

Philadelphia Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, April 7th, 1862.

IF you will allow me a preacher's privilege, I will turn up my barrel and give you an old sermon.

Looking over a file of old pamphlets the other day, I came across one bearing this title: "*A Sketch of the Slave Trade in the District of Columbia, contained in two letters, by ——— ———; originally published in The Emancipator. Pittsburg: Republished by the Pittsburg and Allegheny Anti-Slavery Society.*" These letters I have thrown into one, and otherwise slightly abbreviated, and the result I now send to you for reproduction in THE STANDARD. Though old, the matter it contains will not, I think, be found obsolete. It is out of date, but not out of season. When originally written, nearly twenty-five years ago, the Domestic Slave Trade had its chief seat in the District of Columbia. Williams, Birch, Franklin and Armfield, in Washington and Alexandria, and Campbell, and Wolfolk in Baltimore, were the great slave-dealers on the Atlantic coast; while *The National Intelligencer* and *The Globe*, which published the proceedings of Congress and the newly made laws of the Republic, contained, at the same time, in every issue, advertisements like the following—with pictures to match:

LIKELY YOUNG NEGROES!!!—The highest price will be given in cash for likely young negroes (of both sexes) between the ages of 17 and 25, by the undersigned, who keeps on hand at all times a choice assortment of field hands, coachmen, house-servants, etc., etc., which he is prepared to dispose of on the most reasonable terms.

WM. H. WILLIAMS,

7th Street, between Pennsylvania and Maryland avenues.

At the same time, as will be remembered, Franklin and Armfield's vessels, the Enterprise and Tribune, made their regular semi-monthly trips to Mobile and New Orleans with their cargoes of human freight [illegible] misery, while long coffles were d[illegible] rior, somet[illegible] [illegible]ishment. With [illegible], and *all* power; for slavery [illegible] and with a sceptre that knew no hindrance, and brooked no resistance.

But now behold the change! The power of the nation has passed into new hands. The Slave Trade in the District, abolished by law ten years ago, is a thing of the past, and the dealers in human flesh have no longer a place in the purlieus of the Capital. And now a bill for the immediate abolition of slavery itself in the District of Columbia, has passed the Senate; and next week that also doubtless will be a law of the land. The recommendatory resolution of the President, looking to the ultimate extinction of slavery, has received the sanction of both houses of Congress, and the expressed approbation of the people, and emancipation is now the avowed policy of the government.

Let us thank God and take courage! If ever any laborers in a protracted and painful conflict had a right to do so, we can claim that privilege.

The Slave Trade in Washington Twenty-Five Years Ago.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 6th, 1838.

AT the late State Anti-Slavery Convention held at Harrisburg, it was agreed between the delegates from Pittsburg and myself that I should come out there and labor as a lecturer. Being desirous of visiting our National Capital—partly for my own pleasure and partly in hopes of serving the Cause, I concluded to take the Southern route; and so, here I am on my way to the scene of my future labors. What happened on my way here, and what I have witnessed since my arrival, I propose now to tell you.

I left Harrisburg on Tuesday, at 2 a.m., in the stage-coach for Baltimore. It was dark and bitter cold, and the roads were rough and tedious. One of my fellow-passengers—a former fellow-townsman—was a bitter pro-slavery Democrat.* The subject of slavery soon came up, and we discussed it at length. He denounced abolitionism, of course, in strong terms, and made apologies for the "patriarchal system."

We crossed the Maryland line, without any incident, and soon after day-light stopped at a tavern to take in passengers. Among them was a young slaveholder, as it afterwards appeared, belonging to a family of wealth in the neighborhood. When I first noticed him, he was in the bar-room, amusing himself with a well trained bull-dog, which with a "hiss" he would start after persons who were moving about, and then suddenly stop before he could get near enough to bite them. This they endured with evident dislike, but without any show of resentment. I inferred that they were dependents in some sort, and therefore unwilling to make any resistance. As this young blood got into the stage, he gave us a further taste of his quality by his abuse of his unoffending servant who had brought him his baggage. After we had started and got some distance, he spied a boy—black and doubtless his slave—on horseback, in a field, at some distance from the road. He called out with an oath demanding to know what he was doing there. The boy's answer could not be heard because of the distance and the rattling of the stage. He ordered him to come to him; to ride up close; but the boy was evidently afraid, as he kept at a distance and somewhat behind. He then raised his voice, and with horrid imprecations commanded him to come up instantly. The command was obeyed; some questions were asked and the boy dismissed with additional curses. This was a specimen of slavery, rather sooner and somewhat stronger than I had been looking for. When this promising youth took leave, which he did at the next stopping place, one of the passengers said: "That is Mr. J—— P——, a high fellow; but he has good traits. He loses a heap of money gambling; but he doesn't drink. He is going to Philadelphia after a runaway slave."

We arrived at Baltimore that evening at 9 o'clock, and the next morning I took the railroad for Washington. The country through which we passed was bleak and barren; thinly settled and devoid of interest. I sat by the stove and gave myself up to my own reflections. I was aroused by the stopping of the train at the "Relay House." Here, as I was getting out of the car, I saw a man throw open the door of a rough-looking baggage car, next in advance, saying at the same time to a black boy whom he was urging forward: "Come on; hurry away; get in." Then to another, "Get in; quick—don't poke"; and the same to another, as they were successively brought forward. Then came a woman, the mother, with a baby in her arms, the tears blinding her eyes, and her sobs audible. Last of all came the father, holding by the hand his youngest boy, his ashy pale countenance expressing mo[illegible] [illegible]an any other feeling. [illegible]re the rest of the [illegible]ont, including th[illegible] purchaser.

When the train started, the servan[illegible] chiefly women, came to the front door a[illegible] their farewells till we got out of sight. [illegible] we passed a field in which some hands were at work, the father of this unhappy family group cried out to them, "Good bye! Good bye!—*I have got my whole family with me!*"

I hurried away from the scene, thinking, if this be the sorrow of parting, where no ties are broken, what must it be where the tenderest are ruthlessly sundered? Thus meditating, I was accosted by my Democratic fellow-passenger, whose presence on the train I had not before been aware of: "Well, Mr. ——, what do you think of that?" "That's a question you need not ask me; what do you think of it, Mr. ——?" "I think it is too bad," was his prompt reply. "*It is horrible! It is* DIABOLICAL!" and thus beginning, he continued in the same strain denouncing the *abuses* of the system in language that would have done no discredit to the columns of *The Liberator*. Our talk continued—or his rather, till we reached Washington.

I took lodgings at a private boarding-house, and lost no time in making my way to the Capitol. I first went to the House, where I found Mr. Adams making a speech, which he had begun on a previous day, on our relations with Mexico. He was scoring the Administration for its hostile attitude toward that Republic, when he was stopped by the announcement that the hour had arrived for the "order of the day." This was a question of a contested seat in the Mississippi delegation. It did not interest me much, but gave me an opportunity of hearing and seeing some of the notabilities of this branch of Congress. Mr. Polk, the Speaker, presided with dignity and ability, and Mr. Prentice, the fluent Mississippian, the Whig contestant for the seat now occupied by Gholson, made what would be considered an eloquent political speech. Thus went the day.

The next morning, in pursuance of my chief object in visiting the city, I set out for Mr. Williams's *slave-factory*. I was doubtful about obtaining admission, having been told that to make sure I must "let on" that I wanted to buy. This, of course, I could not do. I inquired for the place, and was directed to the spot by a colored man; and, by the way, you need never be at a loss to find *that* place while there is a black man in Washington to inquire of. It was in Seventh street, between Pennsylvania and Maryland avenues—not far from the centre of the city, and within a short distance from the stars and stripes that float over the Capitol. It is a large, lonely, desolate-looking building. I rapped at the door, which, after some time, was opened by a short, thick-set man, wearing a coarse pea-jacket and fur cap, with large whiskers and a hard-looking face. "Is Mr. Williams at home?" "No, sir; he is in Natchez." "Have you any negroes now on hand?" "Yes, sir, we have a few; walk in." "I don't wish to purchase; I merely want to see your establishment—if you have no objection." "None at all, sir; walk in. Mr. Williams is now living at Natchez; I am his agent." While saying this he led the way in and handed me a chair. After some further talk, into which he entered with great freedom, I again observed that I had no intention of purchasing, but wished to see for my own satisfaction, his establishment—if he had no objections. "None at all, sir; not the least"; and with that he went to the window, opened the shutters, and throwing up the sash, said: "Look out here, sir; this is our *pen*, sir. Here," continued he, while I surveyed an area of about 40 feet square, enclosed partly by the sides of the house, and partly by high jail walls built for the purpose—"here we allow them to take exercise and the [illegible] s the day was cold, the [illegible] all down stairs. I [illegible] agent led the way [illegible]mporary enclosure, [illegible] He took out of his [illegible] a key opened a door which led us into the "cellar." Here, in an apartment of less than 25 feet square, were about thirty slaves of all ages, sizes and colors. One young girl, of about twelve, was quite white; a little child of about two years old was of the same complexion, and exceedingly beautiful. The very small children were gamboling about in happy unconsciousness; but the grown people were most melancholy-looking beings. The inquiring, anxious looks they cast at me (presuming, of course, that I had come as a purchaser) were hard to bear. I soon descried the father and his family whom I had seen taken away from their home the day before. "Where is your master taking you?" said the agent to the man, in reply to a question of mine of the same import to him. "To Alabama, I believe they call it, sir," said the man in tones of touching sadness. His wife sat by the stove nursing her baby, and not once looking up. He then led me to two other rooms of about the same size; one of them not now used; the other appropriated as a sleeping apartment for the females. "Do all these people sleep down in that cellar?" "Yes, sir; all the males; they lie on the floor; each one has a couple of blankets." "But will that room accommodate so many?" "O Lord, yes, sir; three times as many. Last year we had as many at one time as one hundred and thirty-nine in three rooms." I could hardly see how this was possible, without their lying on top of each other. "You say very few of these persons belong to you." "Yes, sir, only a few; most of them are put here to keep, by gentlemen. You see we can keep them nine cents a day cheaper than they can at the jail." "What is your charge?" "Twenty-five cents a day, for all except children at the breast." He then showed me a table at one side of the enclosure, at which they took their meals. It was in the open air, with a shed covering. "There," he said, in answer to an inquiry from me, "they eat, winter and summer." "But don't they suffer very much from the cold?" "O Lord, no, sir; they squat down and swallow their meals in no time." "What do you give them?" "Herring, corn-bread, and coffee; and plenty." "How many meals a day?" "Two, sir; one at 9 o'clock, and the other at 3."

After a good many other questions which I have either forgotten, or don't deem it worth while to repeat, we returned to the room into which I had been taken on my first entrance into the house; a room which I found served the triple purpose of parlor, bed-room and dining-room to the keeper, who was the sole occupant of the house. All these people, men and women, were under this man's absolute control.

Taking seats beside the fire, and resuming, or rather continuing our conversation, I said, "Do the slaves never break out of your establishment and get off?" "Very seldom, sir; we have very little trouble of that kind, sir; unless now and then one gets desperate." "Then, they do sometimes get desperate, do they?" "Not often, sir. There has only one got off since I've been here. He was a fellow that a gentleman bought near Hagerstown and brought here. He allowed him to go out into the city and drive his coach, and such like. Mr. Birch told him that it wouldn't do, and that he would get off from him. But, 'no, no; there's no danger,' said his owner, 'Billy's a good boy, he'll not leave me.' So Mr. Birch let him have his own way. He was a stupid, sleepy-looking nigger; looked as if he hadn't sense enough to run off. But one day he cleared out—just as Mr. Birch said he would. Supposing that he would go back to the neighborhood of Hagerstown, where he had left his sweetheart, they went there after him. They tracked him to his old master's house, but they couldn't catch him for two or three weeks. They knew he was lying in *ambush* somewhere about the woods, and that he would be now and then going to see his *wife*. At last they took this plan: the master and his family got all ready, appearingly, to go out on a visit. They called Billy's wife, and told her they were going out that evening, and wouldn't be back till very late, and that she must take good care of things while they were gone. Well, after they were gone, she thought it would be a good time to have the company of Billy beside a nice fire. So she went out to the woods and called him. Directly he came out, and as soon as he showed himself they nabbed him. Ha! ha! ha!"

The brutal laugh of the ruffian at the success of this mean trap was as much as I could bear. But I went there not to vent my feelings, but for information; so I proceeded, by interrogation, to make further draughts upon the communicativeness of my companion. "Well, you must have a good deal of trouble in keeping these people in subordination, have you not?" "Not much, sir; in fact very little. It's all in knowing how to manage a nigger. As soon as you get to know [illegible] have no further trouble. I [illegible]y eye on a nigger, what sort [illegible] work him. Some's very good [illegible] pleasant and good-humored; [illegible]naged. But some's wicked and [illegible] have a surly, sneaking look. When [illegible] get a fellow of that kind you must know how to manage him. You must set him to work right away, and keep him always doing something; chopping wood, or something. You must let him know that you are to be master, and not him. You must mind, and if you tell him to do anything and he doesn't do it right away, you must give it to him. There's a fellow here of that kind now; a desperate rascal. Didn't you see that fellow close up beside the wall, on the right hand side as we went into the cellar? That fellow with the *high forehead*—the stoutest man in the establishment; didn't you notice him?" I acknowledged that I hadn't observed him. "Well, that fellow I have to keep my eyes on. When I go in where he is, I first make him stand back away from the door. Didn't you see how I kept my place near the door when we were in there?" I had to confess I hadn't noticed it. "Well, I did anyhow; I can't trust that fellow." He had said before this, that it was his practice to observe this precaution with the whole of them. "Whenever I want any of them for anything, I go to the door and make all the rest stand back and then call the one I want. Some might think this foolishness, but I tell you it don't do to give a nigger any advantage." But recurring to the man just alluded to he said: "The fellow is from —— County" (I forget the name of the County) "in Maryland. His master was afraid of him. The rascal would knock down any man that would attempt to lay hands on him. His master, to get his good will, indulged him, and tried to keep the right side of him. He tasked him to ten cords of wood a week. This he could soon do, and have the rest of the time to himself. But his master was afraid of him. He sent him to Washington with a letter, and now we have got him in here." "How?—I don't understand you." "Why, you see, his wife was here in the city. His master used to let him come three or four times a year to see her, and stay a few days here. He always spent Christmas with his wife. So last Christmas his master gave him a letter to Mr. —— in the city, and he brought him to us. He says," (here he gave a mock imitation of the poor fellow's distressed manner) "'I came to Washington to see my wife—and here I am!' Ha! ha! ha! I had to laugh to hear him tell about it."

I asked him if he were not afraid of such persons as the one he spoke of. "No—not much; sometimes I am a little, but it don't do to let them see it. I go in at night, into the cellar, when I shut up, fix the blankets about the little ones and let them see I have no fear. One must look stern and fierce. I tell you what it is, sir, they think *I'm the very devil!*"

"You say you have to 'give it to them' sometimes; you flog them pretty often, I suppose?" "No, sir, not often; but you can't get along without some." "How many lashes have you ever given a man at once?" "O Lord, sir, we never lash them; always with the *paddle*, sir." "Will they let you beat them without resistance? Are you not afraid to strike them?" "O Lord, we always put the *snapples* on; then if they are desperate we make two or three hold them." "You make them get down on their hands and knees, I suppose." "No, sir, we draw them over a bench; first strip them you know, and draw them over a bench. Then I sometimes put my foot on the *snapples* and lean over and give it to them. The paddle is a great deal better than the lash, sir; you see it gets well in two or three days, and is devilish sore in the meantime." "An *oak* paddle?" "No, sir, always *pine*; I used to have an oak paddle with holes bored in it; but pine's the best; it stings like the devil, and is over in a few days." He did not add, what I was quick to infer, that it left no marks to impair the saleability of the chattel.

Somewhere about this stage of the conversation, a young girl came to the door and said something to the keeper, which, from my position, I could not understand. "Tell her," said he, "she can't get in now." Then turning to me he said: "The wife of that fellow from Maryland is at the door now, and wants to see her man; but she can't come in; there's too many down there now."

After the specimen he had given me of the *desperate* ones (that being a much-used and well-applied word of his), he referred to one whom he said I had seen in the cellar, but whom I did not remember, adding: "That's a good fellow. But he is one of the unfortunatest niggers I ever saw. He got off from his master three or four years ago, and was living in New Jersey. He had married a wife, and got a snug house, and lot of ground, and ducks, and geese, and pigs, and everything snug about him. But his master found him out. Poor fellow! he was caught too nice."

My talkative companion further informed me that they were then making up a cargo for the South, and expected to "ship" them in a few days. They were daily expecting the Tribune, a vessel they had purchased from Franklin & Armfield,* to arrive at the port of Alexandria. On this point he spoke of the horror these poor creatures had of being taken out *at night*, and related several facts showing the dread they felt at the idea of being waked up *at night* to set off on their Southern journey. He spoke of this as a "curious" fact which he could not explain.

"I believe," said I, "the dread of going to the South is very general among the blacks." "Yes, sir; but they treat them very well down there. The Marylanders treat their niggers worse than they do at the South. Why, there was Mr. —— bought a family and brought them here some time ago; and the children had never had a hat, or a handkerchief, or a pair of shoes." "The Marylanders are said, with us, to be very kind to their slaves, and to treat them well." "Well, they may *treat* them well enough, but they don't *clothe* them well. Why, there was a girl came here the other day, about 12 years old, and all she had on her back was a thin frock and shift. Cold as the weather was, she hadn't a shoe to her feet."

When I had got as much of this sort of information as my memory could hold till I could have time to commit it to paper, I changed the drift of our conversation. "I must tell you," said I, "that I am no friend of slavery; I hate it; I never could be a slaveholder." "No more could I," promptly replied the keeper; "*I wouldn't like to be much among them.* If I could have a plantation with a set of good, kind niggers, I wouldn't care; but you can't always get that kind; you will have to have some wicked fellows, and I should be afraid of them on a plantation where they have so much liberty. I would hate, too, to have slaves about me on a plantation, on account of its effect *on myself; on my temper*, you know. You have always to look cross and angry, and I wouldn't want always to be that way."

I expressed a desire to see those two men in the cellar he had spoken of. He threw up the window looking out on the "pen" and had them called up. They answered very well the description he had given. The one was a stout, well made man, with a *high forehead*, as he had described, and a very intelligent face. The other was a mild, easy looking fellow, with a good deal of shrewdness, too, depicted in his countenance. To the former I put a number of questions, and while I was doing so he trembled at every joint; supposing, of course, that I was a purchaser, and that his time had come. He told me where he was from; how long he had been here; that he belonged to the Baptist Church, etc., etc. "Would you like to go and live with me?" "I don't know, sir," he replied, hesitatingly. "I don't look as though I would be very hard on you, do I?" "I don't know, sir; you can't tell always by the looks." "Ah," said the New Jersey man, "Them that looks the easiest is sometimes the worst." "Would you rather stay in Maryland than go to the South?" "Yes, sir," he said slowly, as though afraid to speak out his mind, "I would rather stay in Maryland, if I could." "Well, well; don't be uneasy; I am no slaveholder; and don't want to buy anybody. We don't have slaves where I live. I'm from Pennsylvania." "I thought you was," said the Jersey man, jumping and laughing. "I know'd you was; I know'd you was, as soon as I saw you." Both seemed much relieved at finding I was not what they feared.

We returned to our seats by the fire, and I resumed. "Yes, I hate slavery, and what is more, I should like to see it abolished." "Yes, sir, it's not right; I know it's not right; I never would own a slave. I believe if I was to own a slave, my old father would get up out of his grave against me. (He had previously let me know that his father had been an Englishman.) "Why," said I, "how can you say you would not own a slave, when every day you are buying and selling them?" "That's so," said he, not attempting to reconcile the inconsistency; "all about this establishment are slaves for life." Then, running on, he said: "They had the Abolition question up before Congress this winter, but Patton's resolution has put a stop to it.† This Abolition petitioning is just an attempt to join Church and State." And here he denounced the signers to these petitions at a sound rate. I put in some words in their defence; but he insisted that it was "meddling with other people's business, and taking away their property. It was *backed up by religion*, and was an attempt to join Church and State, etc., etc. But it will all blow over; see if it don't. The slave-traders don't care a d——n for it; they a'int afraid of it."

After a good deal more talk of this kind I rose to take leave. I thanked him for his courtesy, and for the information he had given me. "But," I said, "are you not rather sorry, now you know my views, for having spoken to me so freely?" "No, sir; I don't care," was his, I thought, not very hearty answer; and again making my acknowledgments, I took my leave.

In the account I have now given you of my visit to this living charnel, and of what I there saw and heard, I have adhered as nearly as possible to simple verity; giving you not simply the substance of our conversation, but as nearly as my memory would serve me the order and the very words. Of course much transpired which, for reasons alleged, I cannot here repeat. The imagination of your readers may fill up the ellipsis.

During my stay at Washington, I visited Franklin & Armfield's immense slave-factory—conversed with its keeper—saw its fifty or sixty wretched inmates—scanned its high walls—its bars and bolts—heard the keeper tell how kind they were to their prisoners—how mild Southern slavery was—how badly the Marylanders treated their "niggers"—how much bettered the condition was of those brought up in Maryland who were brought there—how *they never separated families*—and how, when cross-questioned and forced to admit it, they did *sometimes* separate families *when they couldn't help it*—and how they never could help it before they came into their hands, nor after they passed out of their possession! But as you have visited and given an account of this establishment yourself, and as my letter is already long, I forbear to go any further into detail.

One result of my visit to these prisons, Mr. Editor, is the conclusion that *no man fully appreciates the atrocity of American slavery*. Abolitionists themselves have but an inadequate idea of its horrors—the tears, the groans, the sins, the sorrows, the lacerations, privations, lust shame and blood of this fell system! Would that every Northern apologist and clerical defender of the "institution" could pay such a visit to our Capital as I have done. Would that the good people who refuse to petition for the abolition of the slave trade in the District and between the States—who deem it "inexpedient," who are afraid of "excitement," and of "inflaming our Southern brethren," could have been with me and have seen and heard what I saw and heard during this painful but instructive visit. They would, in that case, be covered with shame and confusion of face for their past conduct, or would prove themselves to be, what some of them I doubt not are, alike destitute of principle and common humanity.

I have only now to add, that, while here, I have made no secret of my Abolition principles. I have expressed them freely wherever occasion seemed to call for it; in the lobbies of the Capitol, in the company of my acquaintances, in the family (which however is from Pennsylvania) where I am stopping, and in a few instances with pro-slavery members of Congress. And in no case have I been treated with disrespect. There are signs that, even here, our cause is on the advance.

Yours, for its triumph, —— ———.

— Along with this old letter about the Slave Trade, I send you two others—short ones, lately received from correspondents of mine—which, if you have room, I think you will deem not unworthy a place in your columns. The first is from a friend living in the South land, with whom I am in the practice of interchanging letters. His residence is in the lower part of "the Peninsula," the name given to the neck of land lying between the Chesapeake and the ocean, and he is surrounded by secessionists. Still, as you will perceive, he manages to get sight of THE STANDARD, and as I can testify, is one of your admiring readers. His remarks upon Gen. McClellan I should omit if they came from almost any other source; but the point of view of this writer and his familiar acquaintance with military matters, and withal, his thorough conscientiousness and candor (traits which I know from an acquaintance of more than twenty years to be his characteristics), give his speculations more than ordinary value.

As for our young General, we are all hoping that he will, within the next fortnight, come safely out of the ordeal to which his sudden fame has lately been subjected. On this subject Mr. Forney, in the "Occasional" letter of this morning, expresses views which are entertained by fair-minded people generally, when—commenting on Gen. Wool's dispatch to the War Department to the effect that *the army of the Potomac would not find many troops to contend with*—he says:

"From this, it is fair to assume that the rebels are now, and have been for some time, on the move, and that, on the arrival of our army at Norfolk, Richmond, and other points heretofore supposed to be impregnable, the birds will have flown to more congenial climes. It will be a grievous, and mortifying, and expensive disappointment if we are not able to capture the rebel forces, or if they should, uncrippled and unopposed, effect a junction with their associates now concentrating against us in the valley of the Mississippi. On this point, however, I prefer to let results speak for or against those who have our military movements directly in charge. I am not disposed even to criticise, much less to condemn, in advance of 'the logic of events.' But behind the bloodless occupation of Virginia and the successful flight of the rebels may lie more grave complications, and, possibly, more desperate battles, than have ever been dreamed of in our newspaper or Congressional philosophy."

The last sentence of this extract is rather amphibological, but the rest will command general concurrence. But read what my correspondent says:

——— March 23, 1862.

DEAR ———: I find myself at home to-day with leisure for a letter, and as I am owing you one, I sit down to pay the debt.

* * * * * *

Your remarks on McClellan are severe, but not too much so. The truth has forced itself on some who were very slow to believe it. Even "*Occasional*," in *The Press*, has ceased to magnify him, and now mildly makes the same statement of his case you do. What is curious, the leading secessionists hereabouts are all indignant at the city papers for "cutting at McClellan." He was undoubtedly believed to be in their interest, some how or other. I'll tell you what I *know*. We have in ——, a pro-slavery U. S. Senator of the Breckinridge Democratic school. He is in the habit of talking politics in every company he gets into, and sometimes blabs what a shrewder man would keep to himself. On the 26th of last July, when the news of McClellan's appointment as Commander-in-Chief first reached us, he said to me, in a company of half a dozen persons—"What do you think of the appointment?" I answered, "I don't admire it, by any means." "Well (said he), let me tell you, he will be the *next President of the U. S.*" And the party seems to have been manipulating him ever since. They are most astute politicians. And McClellan's "strategy" has not been so absurd as you seem to believe, but rather comprehensive enough to clean up Manassas *without hurting anybody*, and so bring the war to a close that it may enure to the benefit of the Democratic party. Gen. Stone said the "strategy" at Ball's Bluff was McClellan's, and I am disposed to believe him; at least the general drift of it was. And I believe, too, that McClellan was *not* unadvised of the retirement of the rebels at Manassas—but approved of it, and hoped the government and country would commend it as a splendidly bloodless achievement of tactics—as they did, in fact, for a day or two, till more sensible officers gave their opinion. I would give something to know Gen McDowell's thoughts when the truth comes out, as to the new and improved plan of retrieving Bull Run. These older Generals have been impatiently kicking and banging in small reconnoissances at those entrenchments for three months—and Heintzelman got himself reprimanded once or twice by the Commanding General, because he would keep prodding about the Ocoquan and stirring up the enemy in their quarters; but Gen. McClellan's "plan didn't contemplate" shooting and killing rebels. Whether his proclamation is an after thought, or a part of the same "strategy," he has now found out that these scamps are "foemen worthy of your steel"—when most of us consider them better worthy of a rope!

Emancipation (or abolition, rather), I must confess, has made a great stride forward since I wrote to you last—and "*I see it*" now. In Delaware, the President's plan will have a good chance of being adopted—at least, if it will not, it will not be from opposition of the *slaveholders*. The most pro-slavery men in the State are the *old line politicians* of both parties; who have, in fact, since last April, become one party more perfectly than Republicans and Free Soilers have coalesced. Indeed, the old Whigs are the bitterest and most desperate of all pro-slavery men, and may be relied on to carry out any Breckinridge Democratic measure. On the other hand, a very considerable portion of our slaveholders in —— are in favor of the compensation scheme; and I am told that Mr. ——, the third largest slaveholder in the State, says, "Give us emancipation, compensation or *no compensation*, and rather the *latter* plan by all means." The prominent candidate for Governor of the *Union* Democrats is also openly in favor of it; and as he is one of the shrewdest men in the County, I imagine he sees his way safely out of the woods. I think I could name twenty-five or thirty *small* slave-owners who say they will go for it. And, no doubt, some of the larger owners are only higgling by their opposition for a better bargain. I am sorry to say that ——, heretofore known as a friend of the colored people, has discovered the bill to be *unconstitutional*, and will oppose it with all his might. But the scheme will be pressed hard next winter, *pro* and *con*, by fair means and foul—the usual way in which things are done at Dover.

Yours, &c.,

— The remaining letter, from A—— H——, I send you as a proper "improvement" of my sermon; my argument being from the past to the future. Not holding, with one of your correspondents, that "the very highest duty of the Abolitionists is to proclaim repentance *instead* of uttering words of hope or encouragement," I essay to the extent of my ability to preach repentance *by* uttering words of hope and encouragement. I would say — assured by our past successes, let us address ourselves with renewed confidence to the labors that are still before us. A great work yet remains to be done. Much effort will be required to accomplish it. All must help, lay as well as official, women as much as men. On this last point, A—— H——'s letter teaches a good lesson. It is sound doctrine with a suitable illustration. It shows the work that needs to be done, and the way to do it. Further comment is unnecessary.

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* Alexander Mahon, Esq., at one time Treasurer of the State, and at the time here referred to an office-holder under Van Buren, in one of the bureaus at Washington.

* A wealthy and, at that time, well-known slave-trading firm, located at Alexandria.

† The "gag-rule," introduced to shut off anti-slavery petitions and stifle debate.

M.

PENNINGTONVILLE, 1st ot 3d mo., 1862.

DEAR FRIEND: I have done what I could with the petitions, and, with the assistance of my friends, have visited most of the women in the villages of Penningtonville in Chester Co. and of Christiana in Lancaster Co. So far as I carried the petition myself I was not refused by one, and I went to those who are classed with the Secessionists or extreme pro-slavery party, yet I endeavored not so much to obtain signatures as to spread anti-slavery truth, and have those who signed fully understand what they asked for. There were some in this village whom I did not visit, because I knew they would not sign and I felt that I could do no good by asking them to, but they were the smaller number, while others were not visited because I could not get time.

There are women who have signed them, who have their husbands and brothers in the army, and one old woman who has three sons and a brother, and these women did it, it seemed to me, with something of the eagerness of a newly awakened conviction.

I wish some one could be found to go to the door of every woman in the State who has not wilfully hardened her heart and tell her the facts of the case, and ask her to sign. I think her answer would be yes with a willing heart. I know, if women could but speak to-day from their inmost heart, they would say down with slavery.

Very respectfully A—— H——.

South Carolina Correspondence.

LETTER FROM REV. N. R. JOHNSTON.

BEAUFORT, S. C., April 3d, 1862.

To the Editor of The National Anti Slavery Standard.

THE readers of THE STANDARD have other means of learning the news of general and public interest. They may not object, however, to look at some things here and hereabouts as seen from my standpoint. Some are very beautiful to behold; others are as hideous. Would you like to sit down with me at my table and look out of my window upon what is to be seen? I write upon a table belonging to Uncle Sam. I had nothing upon which to write for the first week; and so a friend, who has access to the key of the old arsenal, where the contraband furniture is stored, brought me a very decent one. Who its former owner was, who but himself can tell? No doubt he was a slaveholder. I hope it is not dangerous for me to sit at such.

I am quartered (everybody here is "*quartered*") in a room of a house formerly belonging to Col. Johnston, who was killed at Bull Run. Am I too imaginative or superstitious when I see the walls stained with the blood of his slaves, or hear their sighs and groans and prayers echoing through these empty rooms and halls? If I believed in "haunted houses," I might persuade one of two inmates of the house that this is one of that class. Two soldiers, now detailed to act as agents, or as overseers of the colored people employed in storing and shipping cotton, told me the other morning that every night, between midnight and morning, they heard strange and ominous sounds in and around the house. One is an Irishman. If he were only an Abolitionist, too, couldn't I persuade him that these sounds are the mutterings of the ghost of Col. Johnston, lamenting that his house is inhabited by an Abolitionist, doing the fearful work of teaching the slaves to read, and all the while "edging in" lessons about freedom?

Out of the window by which I write I look across a narrow street upon what an old colored man tells me is the oldest house in Beaufort. If THE STANDARD were devoted to architecture instead of anti-slavery, I would attempt a description of it. This much, however, I will venture to say: the walls of its first story are made of oyster shells. Its shape—did you ever see the house in Philadelphia, said to have been the residence of Wm. Penn? The two are alike in shape; no more. This is desolate sod rotting down under the curse of slavery; that never knew its awful blight.

A little farther on, in the same street, stands the old U. S. Arsenal, its old flag-staff flagless, its walls being filled with contraband cotton, and its rear lot being cultivated by an Abolitionist for a vegetable garden. On the corner of the same block stands a little house about as large as a very small New England country school-house. This was the Beaufort Court-House. The smallness of the house is, no doubt, indicative of the smallness of the amount of justice dispensed therein. On the next block stands the jail—an old, black looking, brick building. How many poor victims of oppression, how many innocent sufferers have pined away there, who can tell? *Now* the jail is full of cotton gathered from the plantations, and soon to be ginned here and sent North. Passing still farther East along the same street, the passer enters what is now termed the negro quarters—that portion of the town in which most of the refugees from the interior (called by the slaves "the *main*," or main land) are located by the Provost Marshal. Here the small-pox broke out about two weeks ago, and is now spreading rapidly. At first little attention was paid to the sufferers; indeed, little was known. Now, Dr. Waldack, a physician from Boston, coming in Mr. Pierce's company, is looking after them, vaccinating all who need it, and having the sick removed into the country as fast as possible. It is probable that the fear of the prevalence of the disease among the colored people as well as among the soldiers will lead to the removal of all from town except those whose houses are here, or those in the indispensable employ of the government. Of this kind, including those who are servants to officers, in hospitals, etc., there are many, though the actual number I cannot ascertain. Almost every officer and agent in the employ of the government, from the Brigadier-General down to the Corporal, at least to the Captain, has one or two servants—some a half dozen—all paid by the government. That many of these are in a condition little better than slaves, or when under their former masters, I am afraid. That some, who are at work for the government, and under the control of soldiers detailed for the service, are hardly driven and roughly used, I am bold to say. It is a matter of gratitude, however, that the lash and the stocks cannot be used. However hard the labor of these poor contrabands—however little the sympathy they have—thanks to God they cannot be put on the auction-block any more. The chain of the coffle-gang is broken. Palsied be the hand that ever attempts to mend it!

But I was asking you to look from my window. Turn your eye toward the South, and you see several houses, across the street, occupied by colored people. There is the house of "father Jacob," a very intelligent elder in the Colored Baptist Church—Dr. Peck's "right-hand man." The family, I am told, belongs to a man in your city, a "leading member" (probably) of a leading denomination there.

Speaking of denominations reminds me of the late military orders here in reference to Churches and colored people. When I came here they were permitted to worship where they pleased—that is, no orders had been issued. There had been no one to preach to them except Dr. Peck part of the time, as he has many places of preaching out on the plantations on the several islands; and Mr. McCrea, a lay preacher, sent out by the Missionary Association of New York. The latter held meetings in the Colored Baptist Church; the former in the house formerly occupied by Dr. Fuller's Church; and evening service in the lecture-room of the same. The large Episcopal church was used only once a day, at 10 o'clock, by the "Roundhead" Pa. 100th Regiment. The Colored Episcopal church near by has been and is used by the Commissary Department, and is full of army stores. Finding things thus, I made arrangements to preach to the colored people in the Episcopal Church at 3 p.m., and to open a school, by leave of the Quartermaster, in the lecture-room of the same. At our first (and last) service in this church, Gen. Stevens, accompanied by his wife, came in just after the service had commenced. Finding the colored people, for whose special benefit the preaching had been announced, sitting in large numbers in the body of the church, he immediately turned and went out. What caused his speedy exit I can only conjecture. Going to the Baptist church, he found the colored people in the gallery and soldiers below. Here he heard truths from the preacher, Rev. Mr. French, which he did not relish. On Monday morning I opened the school, according to previous arrangements, and during the week it continued to increase. Old and young began to learn the alphabet. A few had learned from the soldiers to pronounce syllables. I organized, also, a large class of men, who were at work for the government during the day, to teach them at night. All these were exceedingly anxious to learn. Ere the week was closed orders were issued by Gen. Stevens, and enforced by the assistant Provost Marshal, that hereafter the colored people must not leave their quarters on the Sabbath, and that they must not worship in the churches with the whites. In the meantime, the night school in the Episcopal lecture-room was broken up by the soldiers coming in to drill, as they said, and those who were coming to the day school were not allowed to pass the guards. On the following Sabbath, the large Sabbath school at the Baptist church, superintended by Mr. McCrea, was broken up, as the colored people were not allowed to go, and none of them were allowed to enter the two churches where the whites and soldiers worshipped. Thus Dr. Peck was and is no more to be allowed to preach to his own flock, the colored Baptists, in the Baptist church, to be used for the benefit of the soldiers only. So of the Episcopal members. They are driven from all three of the houses where they were accustomed to worship. And who are the lawful owners—who should be the peaceable possessors of these houses, if not these colored people, who are the only loyal South Carolinians here? Why cannot they be allowed to go where they used to go? Why is their own house of worship—built by and for them—appropriated to secular purposes, and they not allowed to go even into the galleries where they used to go when their masters were here? At a recent interview with the Provost Marshal I was told that one principal reason of the General's order was, that it was not advisable for the colored people to hear the preaching addressed to the soldiers. This needs no comment. The Marshal subsequently notified me that I could have the use of the Methodist church, a small house nearer the negro quarters, for the school and for Sabbath services. Accordingly the school is now there; and supposing that we could have its exclusive use on Sabbath, as I had been informed by the Marshal, I preached there on Sabbath last at 10½ a.m., and announced another service for the evening. At the hour I went to the house and found it nearly full of soldiers holding a meeting, the Chaplain presiding. The colored people were going away almost as fast as they came. Thus it is seen how the rights of these poor outcasts are ignored or wholly disregarded. Martial law rules. The soldier claims and holds everything, almost. No colored person can pass the guards at any time without, and on Sabbath day not with, a pass. Everywhere the bayonet meets him. Behind the bayonets are stern soldiers, whose only duty is to obey orders; and these orders are issued by a power evidently having no sympathy with the benevolent efforts now being made. Dark, indeed, is the prospect before the slave here, so long as martial law rules; and yet, bright is it compared with what it was before the war. Many are now learning to read who, a short time ago, did not know a letter. How eager they are you can scarcely conceive. Many, hard at work all day, come to get books that they may learn at night. Old men, stooping with years and hard labor, are making amazing efforts. I am now assisted by three excellent ladies, two from New York and one from Boston. The school numbers about sixty. My *senior* class is beginning to read a little. Most of them did not know all their letters, or could not spell any. Their progress is almost beyond parallel. There are two other schools in the place; one taught by two of the ladies who came out with Rev. Mr. French. They have only begun. The other is under the care of Dr. Peck, though he does not teach any. The school is for boys and girls only. I am sorry to add that the teacher of the boys is not fit for the post. He is a colored man who cannot read well himself—only a beginner. What his mode of government is, and whether he learned his code of discipline under an overseer, I cannot say; but I was pained to see in his school-room the rawhide and the heavy whip. Dr. P. has too much to do as an agent of the government to give any attention to the school.

What may be the results of our educational movements no man can predict. One thing is certain—if freedom be not given to these people, or if the Union be reconstructed, they will never submit to reënslavement. Need I inform you that, as far as I have opportunity, I try to give such information and infuse such sentiments as will cause them to fully know their rights, and to make it impossible for them to be ever held in bondage again? Nor do they need much instruction in this direction. I speak now of those who have lived in Beaufort. Those on the plantations are more ignorant. The other evening I was in conversation with the men in my *senior* class (they will graduate shortly!) about this point. I told them what Dr. Tyng had said—"That it would be as hard to put them back into slavery again as a chicken into the shell." Simultaneously, and with a laugh of joy and approbation, they responded, "*That's a fact, sir.*" On asking them what they would do in case their masters were allowed to come back and claim them again, one quickly replied—"Ef we had arms, sir, dey'd nebber come back, sir." Another strong, hard-visaged man, who looked as though he had long worn a galling yoke, said with slow but awfully solemn words, and with calm countenance—"Sir, if they are allowed to come back to take us again, dese rivers will be full of dead men!" But I turn from this dark picture.

A week ago last Saturday I took a ride among the plantations down the Beaufort river. I cannot take time to portray the awful destitution and degradation I witnessed. In striking contrast with the beauty of the Palmettos, the live oak, the wild flowers, and the songs of spring birds, I saw poverty, and nakedness, and squalor, heart-rending. Some whole plantations are almost tenantless. On one I found the negro quarters wholly deserted. On others were the ruins of burnt cotton houses and abandoned mansions. One presented a more pleasing aspect—the plantation of John J. Smith. Here are one hundred and six men, women and children. The mansion and the negro quarters are on the edge of a very beautiful grove of live oak. Fine flower-gardens lie in front of the house and on the river bank. The houses for the negroes are tolerably good. The slaves seemed more cheerful than ordinary. They have been receiving wages for gathering and ginning cotton. After spending what time I could with them, I promised to return next day and preach to them, and did so. Do you wish to see the meeting-house? As it is the finest I have seen here outside of Beaufort, I give you a little view. It is a wooden building, about 18 or 20 feet square. Its floor is the earth. Its covering only the roof. Its windows are glassless and sashless. Its pulpit is indescribable; I don't know to what I can compare it. However, I hope that the want of a fine cushioned pulpit did not prevent me from preaching as these people needed. The house was crowded full, several coming from neighboring plantations. At the close of the service I had the pleasure of marrying a couple. They were young people, well dressed and well behaved. I embraced the opportunity to instruct all present with regard to the law of marriage, not failing to hear a faithful testimony against the enormities of the slave system in reference to the family relations. As I had to hurry away to fill an appointment elsewhere in the afternoon, I made my dinner upon a slice of very fine fruit wedding-cake, which was sent to me from the bride. Hungry though I was, I could not eat it all; and if I am spared to return home, some of my friends in the North shall share the cake. And wherever my lot may be cast, the names of Moses Wallace and Pattie Wright will never be forgotten. May the hand be powerless that would ever attempt to sunder what God has joined together.

But my paper has become too long, and I must omit much that I wished to write. More hereafter.

Yours for universal freedom,

N. R. JOHNSTON.

THE *New York Observer* (see pro-slavery column, on the first page) unites its voice with that of the Satanic *Herald*, in demanding of the government the imprisonment of Wendell Phillips as a traitor. The spirit in which it does this is identical with that which, in Jesus's time, cried, "Crucify him, crucify him!" "Release unto us Barabbas, rather than this traitor to the Jewish nation."

The Herald, after bawling itself hoarse in its calls upon the government to send Mr. Phillips to Fort Lafayette, only succeeded in procuring the imprisonment in that fortress of the principal writer of its own editorials. *The Observer*, if it keeps on in the same course, may yet have the privilege of looking at its own dashing "Irenæus" through a prison-grate. It should remember the fate of Haman, and beware!

NOW AND THEN.—In the Senate of the United States, in this month of April, 1862, a bill to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia received twenty-nine votes. In September, 1850, a similar measure in the same body received only five votes, while its mover (Mr. Seward) was almost driven from the Capital for proposing it.

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, April 7, 1862.

IN a previous letter of this correspondence I remarked, that if the bill for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia should pass, and the President should sign it, the fact would be a mighty one in the history of anti-slavery, and would indicate that the Administration was not in the hands of the Kentucky apologists of slavery. This was the idea—not the exact language. Well, the bill has passed the Senate, after a most exhaustive debate. Certainly everything was said *against* the bill which mortal man could conjure from his brain, and one or two Republicans who voted for it volunteered arguments against it. Ten Eyck of New Jersey, for instance, voted for the bill, but said he thought the President was pledged by his previous course against such a measure. What was this but an urgent public request for the President to interpose his veto to kill the bill? Mr. Browning of Illinois, who is a most intimate friend of the President, and who, rumor hath it, desires to be made a Judge on the Supreme Bench, thought the bill ought to be referred *to the people of the District!* Pray, if so, why not do the same in the case of the Territories? And *if so*, why did Mr. Browning *oppose* Mr. Douglas for the Presidency? Douglas stood on that principle—Lincoln on the opposite—of the right and the duty of Congress to legislate upon slavery wherever it has control of the subject. It is amusing, yet sometimes saddening, to notice how our public men, the moment they aspire to still higher places of honor than they now hold, at once play the conservative. The radical is then dropped. This shows that men still perceive that old-fogyism is still the safest road to place and power. It is but fair to Mr. Lincoln, however, to say that he has had the courage, over the heads of some of his conservative Cabinet officers, to appoint radical men to office. But to the emancipation bill. It passed the Senate by a glorious majority. No Republican, *not one*, ventured to vote against it! There were three or four who were absent, and perhaps unavoidably. I have no right to say that one of them *dodged* the vote, for I do not know the facts. The bill, having passed the Senate, goes to the House. There is more doubt as to the passage of any anti-slavery measure in the House than in the Senate. The Republican Senators are more generally *decided* in their political opinions. Many of the so-called Republican members of the House are People's-party men, conservatives, and the like. But in spite of these facts the bill will pass that branch of Congress. Then comes the rub. It will go to the President for his signature. I have not the slightest doubt of the result—*he will sign it*. But the pro-slavery people hang their hopes upon a Presidential veto. There are some facts about the matter which look very much like a veto, if one were not to trust to Mr. Lincoln's well-known integrity. *The Intelligencer*, which to a great extent has reflected the sentiments of the Administration, opposes the bill with all the power of argument it can command. You will have seen that the New York *Times* does the same thing. What does this mean? It means that the slave-owners are making a last, desperate effort at the President, and are urging *him* to veto the bill. They will fail. It cannot be otherwise. Mr. Lincoln is thoroughly honest. He is, at heart, an enemy of slavery. He is *a Republican*. And he will sign the bill in the face of all pro-slavery opposition. Yet this is the turning-point in the policy of the Administration upon the slavery question. Beaten on this measure, the pro-slavery men will fail of triumph on every other when it comes to the rub.

The Senate bill just passed will come up in the House in a few days, it is hoped, and to save the country from an interminable discussion upon it, the previous question will be demanded. It may possibly not be sustained, as some of the Republicans who will vote for it may refuse to cut off debate. The previous question is rarely moved on a measure in the House without provoking the taunt of "stifling debate," "interfering with free discussion," and the like. Yet, often it becomes absolutely necessary to cut off debate, if a bill is to become a law within a reasonable time.

There was an animated debate in the House on Friday afternoon upon a new section of the Tax bill, offered by Col. Frank Blair of Missouri. The proposition was to tax slaves—or masters for holding slaves. You can judge how the House was divided on the question when I say that Bingham of Ohio was vehemently against the proposition, and Lovejoy of Illinois as warmly favored it—yet both are ardent anti-slavery men, and each was guided in his course by his anti-slavery convictions. Bingham believed the proposition to be unconstitutional, and a sort of recognition of slavery, or property in man, and Lovejoy, not believing this to be true, desired to give slavery as much taxation as he could.

The mob-spirit which was so rampant in Cincinnati the other day came near giving a public exhibition in Georgetown a few nights ago. The Rev. C. W. Denison was advertised to lecture to a colored audience on Wednesday night. A class of boys and men of that place made due preparations for a riot. Tar and feathers were procured in liberal quantities, and Mr. Denison was waited for. He did not come, however. Whether business called him away, or he and his friends considered it advisable to stay away, I know not, but I presume his duties as chaplain compelled him to break his engagement. It is a pity, for if the pro-slavery people of Georgetown desire to get up a mob, now is their time. Let them show their colors. Nothing could help the anti-slavery cause here so much as a pro-slavery mob. You may be pretty sure that a slaveholders' riot here would give us laws and a police force that would put every rioter inside the City Jail in a few days. If the two or three hundred slaveholding rowdies of this District will only be mad enough to precipitate themselves against Congress, the government, and the twenty millions of freemen in the land, they will dash their own brains out—and that is the only result.

You will have noticed in the papers the dispute respecting the "Quaker guns" of Centreville. I would not have alluded to it at this time, were it not that so distinguished a man as the Rev. Dr. Bellows had been giving the public his account of a visit to Centreville, in which he states that *he* saw no wooden guns. The inference from the manner in which he puts the case is irresistible—the Doctor does not believe there were any wooden guns in the embrasures of the enemy's fortifications at Centreville. Let me state a few facts. The Philadelphia *Inquirer* is one of the journals which denies the story—it is even bitter in its denials. Yet the first man who came into Washington, from Manassas, after its evacuation by the rebels, was the chief Washington correspondent of *The Inquirer*, Mr. U. H. Painter, a most enterprising and reliable man. Having witnessed the battle of Bull Run, he was among the very first to follow the retreating rebels. When he returned, no news of the wooden guns had got into the newspapers, but he stated squarely and broadly that there were twenty or thirty wooden guns in the embrasures when he first got to Centreville, and that according to every appearance they had been there all winter. Then came Bayard Taylor with his statement—then came hundreds of people from Manassas, all with the same story, and finally the Committee on the Conduct of the War sent three of its most trusty members there, and *they* stated, and it will appear in the printed report of the committee by and bye, that *they saw the wooden guns in the embrasures!* Yet the *political* defenders of McClellan have undertaken to deny the whole story. The most flagrant case is that of *The Inquirer*, for its own trusty correspondent gave it the truth respecting the matter, and what it *knew* to be true, yet in the face of it, in its editorials it has seen fit to throw doubt upon the story. There is in reality no more doubt on the subject than there is that the rebels ever occupied Centreville. The denials are made by men who are determined to carry McClellan through this doubtful part of his strategic career, anyhow—if lying be necessary, then by an abundant use of falsehood. This was wholly unnecessary. Admit that the enemy retreated very shrewdly, which is the fact, and still it does not follow that McClellan did not act his part well. It may be none the less true that his strategy caused them to retreat. I have alluded to this matter, because it is the most shameful piece of dishonesty on the part of many of our public men and prints that I ever heard of. I may add that many of the "wooden guns" have been saved as relics of the grand siege of Washington, while others have been destroyed—it is said by some of Gen. McClellan's friends.

Mr. Lincoln deals justly with his Generals. He would not displace McClellan because a few newspapers or Congressmen demanded it. Neither would he permit McClellan to set aside McDowell, as he seemed inclined to do, but gave him—McDowell—a department of his own, so that he with Banks is no longer under the command of McClellan. Mr. Lincoln means to treat his Generals with generous justice, and when the war is over it will be found that he has not erred, at least startlingly.

Marshal Lamon proposes to have a tilt with the newspapers. They have been showing up his pro-slavery conduct for some time, and now he means to see if he can't punish them for it. So he gets the grand jury of the District to indict Mr. Greeley, of *The Tribune!* It will certainly be a little wonderful if a New York journal is to be at the mercy of a pro-slavery jury in Washington. Mr. Lamon has made a great blunder, for any such attack upon the press will be sure to carry the Senate bill, taking from the Marshal the control of the city jail, through the House into a law.

AVON.

PERSONAL.

Wendell Phillips has met with a reception at the West such as few even of his most sanguine friends could have anticipated. The Cincinnati mob only served to advertise his lectures and increase the desire of the people to hear him. In Chicago, Madison and Milwaukee he had crowded houses. The German "Turners" of Cincinnati have invited him to return to that city and deliver another address on the War; but we have not heard whether he has accepted the invitation or not.

Miss Anna E. Dickinson of Philadelphia passed through this city on Tuesday, on her way to Massachusetts, where she is engaged to lecture for some time to come on the War, its cause and cure. She is a young but most effective champion of the cause of freedom, to which we hope she will be encouraged to devote herself. She is engaged to speak at Music Hall, in Boston, on Sunday, April 27th.

To Henry Wilson, Senator from Massachusetts, belongs no small share of credit for the passage in the Senate of the bill to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia. The bill was introduced by him on the 16th of December, and reported back from the Committee for the District on the 30th of February with amendments, which, however, do not affect the principle or plan of emancipation as embodied in the original bill. A portion of his argument in its defence will be found on the first page. We regret that we could not find room to print entire a speech of such marked ability and force. Of Mr. Wilson the Washington correspondent of the Springfield *Republican* says: "The Senator cannot certainly ever get a wink of sleep. When not drawing up a bill, he is making a speech or collecting facts for one. The papers have a good deal to say about the President's hard work, and the number of hours he devotes to his business, and it is doubtless all true. But there is no man in this District who works more hours than Henry Wilson. That is the secret of his success."

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

ENTIRELY dissenting from the interpretation which H. M. puts upon the case of the Susan and Grecian which I had cited, wholly declining to accept the new issue she raises (I confess I had expected an acknowledgment of error on her part, in the assertion respecting "shotted guns"), and fully persuaded of the uselessness of a protracted discussion, in existing circumstances at least, I refrain from further reply to the communication of H. M. in the last STANDARD.

April 7, 1862. S. M., JR.

NOTICE.—Members of the American, Pennsylvania, Western, or Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Societies, contributing annually to the funds of either of these Societies, can receive a copy of the last very valuable Report of the American Society, entitled, *The Anti-Slavery History of the John Brown Year*, by sending a request to that effect to SAMUEL MAY, JR., 221 Washington street, Boston, and enclosing stamps sufficient to prepay the postage, viz., *fourteen cents*.

WESTERN VIRGINIA.—A vote of the people was taken last week upon the Constitution lately framed for the new State of Kanawha, and also upon the provision for gradual emancipation. The former was adopted, if we may judge by the returns thus far received, almost unanimously, and the latter by a vote of three to one.

THE FALL AND SURRENDER OF FORT SUMTER will be commemorated by the 16th Ward Republicans, at their headquarters, No. 243 8th avenue, near 23d street. Alderman Dayton, Theodore Tilton and others, will address the meeting. Seats reserved for ladies.

CONNECTICUT has chosen the Republican-Union State ticket by 8,000 majority. The Senate is unanimously and the House three to one the same way.

Proceedings of Congress.

THE PRESIDENT'S EMANCIPATION RESOLUTION.

IN the Senate, on the 2d inst., the President's resolution, previously adopted by the House, declaring that "the United States ought to coöperate with any State which may adopt a gradual abolishment of slavery, giving to such State pecuniary aid, to be used by such State, in its discretion, to compensate for the inconveniences, public and private, produced by such a change of system," was adopted by the following vote:

Yeas—Messrs. Anthony, Browning, Chandler, Clark, Collamer, Davis, Dixon, Doolittle, Fessenden, Foot, Foster, Grimes, Hale, Harlan, Henderson, Howard, Howe, King, Lane (Ind.), Lane (Kan.), Morrill, Pomeroy, Sherman, Sumner, Ten Eyck, Thomson, Trumbull, Wade, Wilkinson, Willey, Wilmot, Wilson (Mass.)—32.

Nays—Messrs. Bayard, Carlile, Kennedy, Latham Nesmith, Powell, Saulsbury, Stark, Wilson (Mo.), Wright—10.

In the course of the debate on the resolution, Mr. Sherman of Ohio made a speech in its favor, in which he went out of his way to express hostility to the resolutions of Mr. Sumner providing Territorial governments for the rebel States. "He was astonished at the resolutions of the Senator from Massachusetts (Sumner). He could see no distinction between them and the doctrines of Jeff. Davis; for the resolutions of the Senator (Sumner) substantially acknowledge the right of the States to secede, which would be utterly subversive of the government." Such nonsense as this from a Republican Senator! As if the acknowledgment of the undeniable fact that the rebel States *have* seceded were tantamount to a confession that they had a *right* to secede! This is just about as sensible as it would be to say, that it is impossible to acknowledge that a thief has taken your property without confessing that he had a *right* to take it!

ABOLITION OF SLAVERY IN THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

On the 3d inst., the bill for abolishing slavery in the District of Columbia was acted upon in the Senate. On motion of Mr. Sumner, it was so amended as to provide that in taking testimony before the Commissioners who are to fix the value of the slaves, no witness should be excluded on account of color. This amendment was agreed to by yeas 26, nays 10—the nays being Messrs. Bayard, Carlile, Davis, Kennedy, Nesmith, Powell, Saulsbury, Willey, Wilson (Mo.), and Wright.

Mr. Clark (Rep., N. H.) moved to amend the second section by providing that a claimant for payment for his slave shall take an oath that he (the claimant) has not borne arms in the rebellion, or given any aid or comfort thereto.

Mr. Trumbull moved to add the proviso, "That such oath of a party to the petition shall not be evidence of the facts therein stated."

This was agreed to, and the amendment adopted.

Mr. Browning (Rep., Ill.) moved to amend by providing that the average price of the slave shall be $500, instead of $300, one half to be retained by the Secretary of the Treasury, to be paid to the person liberated if he emigrates to another country.

Mr. Browning said that we should do something more than simply liberate the negro. He did not believe the two races could live together with mutual advantage. Indeed, with all his horror of slavery, he was not sure but, if the two races must live together, the best way for them to do so was to remain in the relation of master and slave.

Mr. Wilmot (Rep., Pa.)—If that is the case, why not propose compulsory emigration?

Mr. Browning thought it was not time to consider that question on so small a measure as this. When the question should come up, he would be perfectly willing to vote for compulsory emigration, and take his share of the responsibility. He did not believe that the negro could ever rise to an equality of civilization with the white man in this country.

Mr. Browning's amendment was rejected, by Yeas 10, Nays 31.

Yeas—Messrs. Browning, Davis, Harris, Henderson, Kennedy, Latham, McDougall, Nesmith, Willey and Wright.

Mr. Collamer (Rep., Vt.) offered an amendment, that the owners of persons held to service shall put upon file the name and description of the person liberated by the bill within twenty days after making a claim for payment, or within such time as Commissioners may limit, under the penalty of forfeiture of the claim, and that the Clerk of the Court shall issue certificates of manumission to the persons liberated.

The amendment was adopted.

Mr. McDougall offered a substitute for the bill similar to the one offered by Mr. Wright, providing for a gradual emancipation of the slaves, compensation for such emancipation, and the submission of the question to the people of the District of Columbia.

This was rejected by Yeas 10: Nays, 25.

Mr. Doolittle (Rep., Wis.) offered an amendment appropriating $100,000 to aid in the voluntary emigration of the persons liberated by the bill, and other persons of color in the District of Columbia, to Hayti, Liberia, or other country.

Yeas—Messrs. Anthony, Browning, Collamer, Davis, Dixon, Doolittle, Foote, Harlan, Harris, Henderson, Howe, King, Lane (Ind.), Lane (Kansas), Latham, McDougall, Nesmith, Sherman, Stark, Ten Eyck, Trumbull, Wade, Willey, Wilmot, Wilson (Mass.), Wilson (Mo.), and Wright—27.

Nays—Messrs. Chandler, Clark, Fessenden, Foster, Grimes, Hall, Howard, Morrill, Pomeroy, and Sumner—10.

The question was taken on the passage of the bill, and passed as follows:

Yeas—Messrs. Anthony, Browning, Chandler, Clark, Collamer, Dixon, Doolittle, Fessenden, Foote, Foster, Grimes, Hale, Harlan, Harris, Howard, Howe, King, Lane (Ind.), Lane (Kansas), Morrill, Pomeroy, Sherman, Sumner, Ten Eyck, Trumbull, Wade, Wilkinson, Wilmot, Wilson (Mass.)—29.

Nays—Messrs. Bayard, Carlile, Davis, Henderson, Kennedy, Latham, McDougall, Nesmith, Powell, Saulsbury, Stark, Willey, Wilson (Mo.), and Wright—14

There was applause in the galleries when the Chair declared the vote.

TRUMBULL'S CONFISCATION BILL.

On Monday Mr. Trumbull made an elaborate speech in explanation and defence of his Confiscation bill. He replied with masterly force and effect to Messrs. Browning of Illinois and Cowan of Penn., who lately spoke against the bill. The meaning of this incidental remark is plain enough: "If Western men have fought more battles and won more victories for the Union than their brethren of the East, it is because they have had more opportunities. It has been their good fortune to be led against the enemy, instead of being idly confined in camps." In the following passage Mr. Trumbull puts the argument in a very effective shape:

"Forty dead bodies were borne from that bloody field* to one small town in my State, and buried in a common grave. The Union forces at Pea Ridge were also largely made up of soldiers from Illinois. Suppose ye, that I can go back to Illinois, among the relatives of those who have been cruelly destroyed, and propose to levy taxes upon them in order to conciliate and compensate the murderers—for that is really what exempting rebel property from confiscation amounts to? Sir, I know not if they would submit to such injustice; and yet, there are those who not only talk of an amnesty to the men who have brought these troubles upon the country, but oppose providing the mild punishment of confiscation of property for those who shall continue hereafter to war upon the government, and whose persons are beyond our reach. I am surprised that a bill of this character should meet with opposition from Senators of the Border States whose loyal citizens the rebels, whenever they have had the power, have robbed, plundered, and driven from their homes. Do gentlemen regard it as conciliatory to oblige us to lay taxes upon those whose habitations have been consumed, to reward those who have burned them? upon those whose whole property has been stolen, to reward the thieves? upon those whose relatives have been slain, to compensate the murderers? In my judgment, justice, humanity, and mercy herself, all demand that we at once provide that the supporters of this cruel and wicked rebellion should henceforth be made to feel its burdens."

Mr. Trumbull concluded his speech as follows:

"Is it not wise that Congress should so act that if men will fight and war against the government, they shall not do so without the loss of that species of property which has been the impelling power to drive them into rebellion, and thereby take away any motive for repeating the experiment when this rebellion shall have been suppressed? Such an opportunity to strike a blow for freedom seldom occurs as that now presented to the American Congress. As most of the owners of slaves are engaged in the rebellion, and will probably continue so for some time, the effect would be, if the bill were speedily enacted into a law, that they would by their own act give freedom to most of the slaves in the country, and thus would be solved, in a great measure, through the agency of this wicked rebellion, the great question, what is to be done with African slavery? a subject in view of which, Jefferson, in his day, exclaimed that he "trembled when he remembered that God was just." I appeal to Senators as philanthropists, as patriots, as lovers of the Union and of constitutional liberty, not to let pass this opportunity which a wicked rebellion presents, of making it the means of giving freedom to millions of the human race, and thereby destroying to a great extent the source and origin of the rebellion, and the only thing which has ever seriously threatened the peace of the Union. Having, as I think, shown that the right to confiscate enemies' property exists; that for this purpose the rebels may properly be treated as enemies; that confiscation can be effected only by an act of Congress; that the bill under consideration is constitutional, and that it is both wise and expedient to take from those who shall continue to fight against the government after the passage of this act, and whose persons are beyond the reach of punishment, their property and their slaves, so far as they are within our reach, I appeal to all those who favor these views to stand together, and let us pass this bill at as early a day as possible, with such modifications and amendments as may be thought advisable, not losing sight of the great object in view. It is no time to talk of amnesties and conciliation, when the habitations of loyal citizens are being plundered and their lives destroyed. When the rebels, whose hands are dripping with the blood of loyal citizens, shall have grounded their arms, it will be time enough to talk of clemency; but to have our sympathies excited in their behalf now, when fighting to overthrow the government, is cruel to the loyal men who have rallied to its support."

PLANS OF GRADUAL EMANCIPATION.

In the House, on Monday, Mr. White (Rep., Ind.) offered a resolution, providing for the appointment of a committee of nine members to inquire and report at as early a day as possible, whether any plan can be proposed and recommended for the gradual emancipation of all the African slaves, and the extinction of slavery in Maryland, Delaware, Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee and Missouri, by the people or local authorities thereof, and whether such an object is expedient and desirable, and that they further inquire and report, whether the colonization of such emancipated slaves on this continent or elsewhere is necessarily a concomitant of their freedom, and how and what provision should be made therefor. Also, that they inquire how far and in what way the government can and ought equitably to facilitate this object, and that they further be authorized, if in their judgment expedient, to extend their inquiries to the other slaveholding States, and report thereon.

Mr. Mallory (Un., Ky.), regarding the resolution as unconstitutional and absurd, moved to lay it on the table. Not agreed to—52 against 68.

The resolution was passed by yeas 66, nays 43, as follows:

Yeas—Messrs. Alley, Arnold, Ashley, Babbitt, Baker, Baxter, Beaman, Bingham, Blair (Mo.), Blake, Buffinton, Campbell, Chamberlain, Clark, Colfax, Frederick A. Conkling, Davis, Dawes, Duell, Edgerton, Eliot, Fenton, Fessenden, Gurley, Hanchett, Hickman, Hutchings, Julian, Kelley, Kellogg (Mich.), Lansing, Loomis, Lovejoy, McKnight, McPherson, Moorehead, Morrill (Vt.), Morrill (Me.), Nixon, Olin, Pike, Pomeroy, Potter, Rice (Mass.), Rice (Maine), Riddle, Rollins (N. H.), Sargeant, Shanks, Sheffield, Shellabarger, Sherman, Sloan, Stevens, Stratton, Van Horn, Van Valkenburgh, Verree, Wallace, Walton (Me.), Walton (Vt.), Washburne, Wheeler, White (Ind.), Wilson, and Windom.—66.

Nays—Messrs. Allen, Biddle, Blair (Va.), Brown (R. I.), Brown [Va.], Casey, Calvert, Cobb, Corning, Cox, Cravens, Crittenden, Delano, Delaplaine, Diven, Dunlap, English, Fisher, Grider, Haight, Harding, Harrison, Horton, Kerrigan, Knapp, Law, Lazear, Leary, Lehman, Mallory, Menzies, Mitchell, Noble, Noell, Norton, Nugent, Odell, Pendleton, Perry, Phelps [Cal.], Price, Richardson, Shiel, Smith, Steele [N. Y.], Steele [N. J.], Vallandigham, Voorhees, Wadsworth, Ward, Webster, White [Ohio], and Wickliffe—53.

THE TAX BILL.

The Tax bill passed the House on Tuesday—Yeas 125, nays 13. Those who voted in the negative were Messrs. Allen, Buffinton, Cox, Kerrigan, Knapp, Law, Norton, Pendleton, Richardson, Shiel, Vallandigham, Voorhees, and Wickliffe.

Mr. Blair of Mo. offered a new section, providing that any person claiming to own the services or labor for life, under the laws of any State, of any person held to service or labor, shall pay a tax on such person of two dollars.

This was voted on and rejected by 51 in favor of it to 75 against it, as follows:

Yeas—Messrs. Aldrich, Arnold, Babbit, Baxter, Beaman, Blair [Mo.], Blair [Penn.], Blake, Campbell, Clark, Clements, Colfax, Frederick A. Conkling, Roscoe Conkling, Covode, Davis, Dawes, Duell, Edgerton, Eliot, Fessenden, Gurley, Hanchett, Hickman, Kelley, Kellogg [Mich.], Killinger, Lansing, Loomis, McPherson, Mitchell, Morehead, Morrill [Me.], Morrill [Vt.], Olin, Patton, Pike, Rice [Me.], Rollins [N. H.], Shanks, Sherman, Sloan, Spaulding, Stevens, Van Valkenburg, Verree, Wallace, Walton [Vt.], Wheeler, Wilson, and Windom.

Nays—Messrs. Allen, Alley, Baker, Biddle, Bingham, Blair [Va.], Brown [Va.], Buffinton, Calvert, Chamberlain, Cobb, Corning, Cox, Cravens, Crittenden, Delaplaine, Diven, Dunlap, Dunn, Edwards, English, Fisher, Frank, Granger, Grider, Haight, Hale, Hall, Harding, Harrison, Hooper, Horton, Hutchins, Julian, Kerrigan, Knapp, Law, Leary, Lehman, Lovejoy, Mallory, Menzies, Noble, Noell, Norton, Nugen, Pendleton, Perry, Phelps [Cal.], Pomeroy, Porter, Potter, Price, Rice [Mass.], Riddle, Rollins [Mo.], Sargeant, Sheffield, Shellaburger, Shiel, Smith, Steele [N. Y.], Steele [N. J.], Stratton, Thomas [Mass.], Thomas [Md.], Trowbridge, Vallandigham, Van Horn, Wadsworth, Webster, White [Ind.], White [Ohio], Wickliffe, and Wright.

Chronicles of the War.

A Bloody Battle and a Great Victory.

We have news of one of the greatest and bloodiest battles of modern times, resulting in a complete victory over the rebels. It occurred at Pittsburg Landing, Tenn., on the Tennessee river, between the Union forces under Gen. Grant (supported on the second day by reënforcements from Generals Buell and Wallace) and the rebel army under Generals Beauregard and A. Sydney Johnston. The battle commenced at daybreak on Sunday morning, and lasted without intermission during the entire day, was renewed on Monday morning, and not decided until 4 o'clock p.m., when the rebels commenced their retreat toward their entrenchments at Corinth, pursued by a large force of Union cavalry. The slaughter on both sides was immense. We have lost in killed and wounded and missing from 18,000 to 20,000; that of the enemy is estimated at from 35,000 to 40,000.

The fight was brought on by a body of 300 of the 25th Missouri Regiment, of Gen. Prentiss's division, attacking the advance-guard of the rebels, which were supposed to be the pickets of the enemy in front of our camps. The battle soon became general. The rebel force was upwards of 60,000, that of Gen. Grant only 38,000. This superiority of numbers on the part of the rebels gave them great advantages, and they fought desperately, knowing that if they did not win a victory before night, their chance of success would be very small; for they became aware that Gen. Grant was being reënforced, as they could see Gen. Buell's troops from the river bank, a short distance above, to which point they had forced their way. The contest was indeed desperate, but the enemy finally gave way under the deadly storm of shells from the gunboats. Ere dusk had set in the firing had nearly ceased, when, night coming on, all the combatants rested from their awful work of blood and carnage.

At daylight on Monday morning, Generals Buell and Wallace having arrived with their reënforcements, the battle again commenced. The fighting during the day was terrible, and at times it seemed not unlikely that the rebels would win the victory. About 3 p. m. Gen. Grant rode to the left, where the fresh regiments had been ordered, and, finding the rebels wavering, sent a portion of his body-guard to the head of each five regiments, and then ordered a charge across the field, himself leading, as he brandished his sword and waved them on to the crowning victory, while cannon balls were falling like hail around him. The men followed with a shout that sounded above the roar and din of the artillery, and the rebels fled in dismay, as from a destroying avalanche, and never made another stand. Gen. Buell followed the retreating rebels, driving them in splendid style, and by half-past 5 o'clock the whole rebel army was in full retreat to Corinth, with our cavalry in hot pursuit.

We have taken a large amount of their artillery and also a number of prisoners. We lost a number of our forces prisoners, among whom is Gen. Prentiss. The number of our force taken has not been ascertained yet. It is reported at several hundred. Gen. Prentiss was also reported as being wounded. Among the killed on the rebel side, was their General-in-Chief, Albert Sydney Johnston, who was struck by a cannon ball on the afternoon of Sunday. Of this there is no doubt, as the report is corroborated by several rebel officers taken to-day. It is further reported that Gen. Beauregard had his arm shot off.

The Union loss in officers is very heavy.

Surrender of Island No. Ten.

Dispatches from Com. Foote announce the surrender of Island Number Ten, which occurred on Monday afternoon or evening. Gen. Pope having succeeded in landing his forces on the Tennessee shore, was advancing to attack the rebels in the rear, while Com. Foote, with the gun-boats and mortars, prepared to assail them in front. Their retreat and communications being thus cut off, they concluded to surrender. Accordingly, two officers of the rebel navy boarded the steamer Benton, by order of their Commander-in-Chief, and stated they were ordered to surrender the island to the commander of the United States naval forces. The latest dispatch mentions that Gen. Pope has captured three Generals, six thousand prisoners of war, one hundred siege pieces, several field batteries, and immense quantities of small arms, tents, waggons, horses and provisions. We did not lose a man. What gives this success its signal moment is the unprecedented amount of the material of war of which it deprives the enemy, and just in a line of defense, too, where such material is of vital consequence. They are utterly deprived of all armament for new entrenchments, or for strengthening the only fortifications they now hold above Memphis—Fort Randolph and Fort Pillow. These last works will present but a small obstacle to the advance of Com. Foote's gunboats, and Memphis now lies completely at his mercy. In fact there is, in all probability, no fortified position on the river, down to New Orleans itself, which the gallant Commodore cannot reduce in a single day. The rebels in losing No. 10, with all of its material, have virtually lost the entire Mississippi.

Summary.

DOINGS IN CONGRESS.—John Brown, Jr., in a letter to *The Pine and Palm*, says: "We have thus far, as a regiment, succeeded in freeing 1,700 slaves belonging to rebels in Missouri."

Real estate in Washington, one year ago to-day, was almost as valueless as Confederate bonds, while now it is more valuable and salable than ever before since the city was founded.

After Gov. Seward's return from Winchester, he was rallyingly asked by a Senator how much Union sentiment he found in that city. "The men," he replied, "were all off in the rebel army. The women were she-devils."

STAMPEDE OF MR. MASON'S SLAVES.—The slaves of James M. Mason, a recent inmate of Fort Warren, now in England, have decamped from Winchester in a body, and made their way to Philadelphia. It is currently reported, also, that one of Mr. Mason's daughters has become hopelessly insane from the various family misfortunes.—*Wash. Cor. Tribune.*

The National Republican forcibly suggests that those who are now so zealous for *gradual* emancipation in the District of Columbia have had fifty years in which to inaugurate their system, yet have never taken the first step. Had they initiated their scheme in due season, it would have been perfected some time ago.

RETURN OF A FUGITIVE SLAVE.—One of Marshal Lamon's Aids, armed with the Marshal's warrant, of course, took a fugitive slave out of the 4th New York Artillery's camp yesterday, and restored him to his master. It is not possible that this outrage can be permitted to pass without Congressional investigation. There are stories of other similar seizures made by Lamon's authority in favor of slave-owners anxious to realize on their human property before the passage of the emancipation act.—*Wash. Cor. Tribune.*

MORE SLAVE-HUNTING.—The Washington correspondent of *The Tribune*, under date March 26th, says: "The panting chattel of one Hannan, seeking refuge in the camp of the Massachusetts 1st; the owner chasing him with an order from division and brigade headquarters, that facilities to hunt be afforded, and unobstructed privilege to seize and carry off; the presentation of the order to Lieut.-Col. Wells; a solemn warning from Wells that no assaults or disorderly conduct would be allowed in his camp, and that his guard-house impartially received civilians and soldiers, accompanied by a polite permission to search for the chattel; a hesitating and shamefaced master; and a fugitive slave grinning behind a tent, were the *dramatis personæ* and the elements of a popular play at Budd's Ferry yesterday."

A FREEDMAN'S FIRST ACT.—On the return march of Mix's 3d New York Cavalry from Winchester to Washington, a large number of male contrabands followed the regiment. They were not permitted to be turned back or molested by the commanding officer, Col. Mix. They built camp fires and groomed horses for the troops, who in return fed them from their rations. Lieut. Chamberlain, of Rochester, adopted one of them, a fine-looking boy of about 20 years, as his servant. On reaching Washington he gave him money to purchase an extra supper out of camp. The negro went without the supper, and invested the money in a spelling-book. He has studied it intently every leisure hour, and although perfectly ignorant of the alphabet one week ago, he is now master of his letters.—*Wash. Cor. Tribune.*

FUGITIVES PROTECTED.—Gen. Wadsworth has systematically gone to work to take care of the flying slaves who crowd Washington on their way from rebeldom. What triple brass of protection there is in these few words of the Brigadier, before which slave-catching in the District of Columbia will hereafter stand a palsied and unprofitable business:

MILITARY PROTECTION.

The bearer, ——— ———, colored, is under the protection of the military authorities of this District.

By order of JAS. S. WADSWORTH,
Brig.-Gen. and Mil. Gov. of the District of Columbia.
Official: ——— Aide-de-Camp.

ATTEMPT TO KIDNAP.—A dispatch to the Associated Press from Washington says: "On Saturday two persons attempted to arrest, as a slave, a servant of an officer in the Seventh New York Cavalry, a freeman from the West Indies. Detected in the act, they came near being lynched, but were rescued by the military guard, sent to the Provost Marshal, and afterward confined in the central guard-house." The correspondent of *The Tribune* says: "The plea of the two constables under arrest for kidnapping the free British mulatto out of the New York 7th Regiment to Gen. Wadsworth, which was ineffectual to save them from being flung into the guard-house, was that the law of the District presumed every colored man to be a slave. More than one member of Congress personally complimented to-day the trooper Hickey, who rescued the mulatto at the point of his sabre. Justice was also invoked of Gen. Wadsworth this morning against a Georgetown master, who had secretly sent to Maryland a babe six months old, with its mother, to save them from the Emancipation Act and enable him to drive a hard bargain with the husband and father. The John R. Wise imprisoned for the attempt at kidnapping in the 7th Regiment is one of the witnesses named at the foot of the indictment against Mr. Greeley."

DIED.

BURR.—In Philadelphia, on Wednesday evening, March 19th, Esther, wife of John P. Burr, in the 67th year of her age.

PENNSYLVANIA FEMALE COLLEGE at Perkiomen Bridge, Montgomery Co., Pa.—A chartered college for the liberal education of young women. Conducted upon liberal principles and possessed of every facility for imparting thorough and systematic instruction in all the departments of useful and polite learning, it deserves a generous patronage. Send for a circular containing full particulars. Address, J. W. SUNDERLAND.

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* Fort Donelson.

Miscellaneous Department.

THE CONTENTED FARMER.

[Translated by BAYARD TAYLOR, into "common English," from the Alemannic-German dialect of JOHN PETER HEBEL, for The Atlantic Monthly.]

I guess I 'll take my pouch, and fill
My pipe just once—yes, that I will!
Turn out my plow and home'ards go:
Buck thinks, enough 's been done, I know.

Why, when the Emperor's council 's done,
And he can hunt, and have his fun,
He stops, I guess, at any tree,
And fills his pipe as well as me.

But smokin' does him little good:
He can't have all things as he would.
His crown 's a precious weight, at that:
It is n't like my old straw hat.

He gits a deal o' tin, no doubt,
But all the more he pays it out;
And everywheres they beg and cry
Heaps more than he can satisfy.

And when, to see that nothin' 's wrong,
He plagues hisself the whole day long,
And thinks, "I guess I 've fixed it now,"
Nobody thanks him, anyhow.

And so, when in his bloody clo'es
The General out o' battle goes,
He takes his pouch, too, I 'll agree,
And fills his pipe as well as me.

But in the wild and dreadful fight,
His pipe don't taste exactly right:
He 's galloped here and galloped there,
And things a'n't pleasant, anywhere.

And sich a cursin': "Thunder!" "Hell!"
And "Devil!" (worse nor I can tell:)
His grannydiers in blood lay down,
And yonder smokes a burnin' town.

And when, a-travellin' to the Fairs,
The merchant goes with all his wares,
He takes a pouch o' th' best, I guess,
And fills and smokes his pipe, no less.

Poor devil, 't is n't good for you!
With all y'r gold, you 've trouble, too.
Twice two is four, if stocks 'll rise:
I see the figgers in your eyes.

It 's hurry, worry, care and fret;
Ye ha'n't enough, the more ye get—
And could n't use it, if ye had:
No wonder that y'r pipe tastes bad!

But good, thank God! and wholesome 's mine:
The bottom-wheat is growin' fine,
And God, o' mornin's, sends the dew,
And sends his breath o' blessin', too.

And, home, there 's Nancy hustlin' round:
The supper 's ready, I 'll be bound,
And youngsters waitin'. Lord! I vow
I dunno which is smartest, now.

My pipe tastes good; the reason 's plain:
(I guess I 'll fill it once again:)
With cheerful heart, and jolly mood,
And goin' home, all things is good.

THE ONE SURE WEAPON.

[Part of the article, "American Civilization," by RALPH WALDO EMERSON, in *The Atlantic Monthly* for April.]

AT this moment in America the aspects of political society absorb attention. In every house, from Canada to the Gulf, the children ask the serious father—"What is the news of the war to-day? and when will there be better times?" The boys have no new clothes, no gifts, no journeys; the girls must go without new bonnets; boys and girls find their education, this year, less liberal and complete. All the little hopes that heretofore made the year pleasant are deferred. The state of the county fills us with anxiety and stern duties. We have attempted to hold together two states of civilization: a higher state, where labor and the tenure of land and the right of suffrage are democratical; and a lower state, in which the old military tenure of prisoners or slaves, and of power and land in a few hands, makes an oligarchy: we have attempted to hold these two states of society under one law. But the rude and early state of society does not work well with the later, nay, works badly, and has poisoned politics, public morals and social intercourse in the Republic, now for many years.

The times put this question—Why cannot the best civilization be extended over the whole country, since the disorder of the less civilized portion menaces the existence of the country? Is secular progress, the evolution of man to the highest powers, only to give him sensibility, and not to bring duties with it? Is he not to make his knowledge practical? to stand and to withstand? Is not civilization heroic also? Is it not for action? has it not a will? "There are periods," said Niebuhr, "when something much better than happiness and security of life is attainable." We live in a new and exceptionable age. America is another word for Opportunity. Our whole history appears like a last effort of the Divine Providence in behalf of the human race; and a little slavish following of precedents, as by a justice of the peace, is not for those who at this hour lead the destinies of this people. The evil you contend with has taken alarming proportions, and you still content yourself with parrying the blows it aims, but, as if enchanted, abstain from striking at the cause.

If the American people hesitate, it is not for want of warning or advices. The telegraph has been swift enough to announce our disasters. The journals have not suppressed the extent of the calamity. Neither was there any want of argument or of experience. If the war brought any surprise to the North, it was not the fault of sentinels on the watch-towers, who had furnished full details of the designs, the muster, and the means of the enemy. Neither was anything concealed of the theory or practice of slavery. To what purpose make more big books of these statistics? There are already mountains of facts, if any one wants them. But people do not want them. They bring their opinions into the world. If they have a comatose tendency in the brain, they are pro-slavery while they live; if of a nervous sanguineous temperament, they are Abolitionists. Then interests were never persuaded. Can you convince the shoe interest, or the iron interest, or the cotton interest, by reading passages from Milton or Montesquieu? You wish to satisfy people that slavery is bad economy. Why, *The Edinburgh Review* pounded on that string, and made out its case forty years ago. A Democratic statesman said to me, long since, that, if he owned the State of Kentucky, he would manumit all the slaves, and be a gainer by the transaction. Is this new? No, everybody knows it. As a general economy it is admitted. But there is no one owner of the State, but a good many small owners. One man owns land and slaves; another owns slaves only. Here is a woman who has no other property—like a lady in Charleston I knew of, who owned fifteen chimney-sweeps and rode in her carriage. It is clearly a vast inconvenience to each of these to make any change, and they are fretful and talkative, and all their friends are; and those less interested are inert, and, from want of thought, averse to innovation.

In this national crisis, it is not argument that we want, but that rare courage which dares commit itself to a principle, believing that Nature is its ally, and will create the instruments it requires, and more than make good any petty and injurious profit which it may disturb. There never was such a combination as this of ours, and the rules to meet it are not set down in any history. We want men of original perception and original action, who can open their eyes wider than to a nationality, namely, to considerations of benefit to the human race, can act in the interest of civilization. Government must not be a parish clerk, a justice of the peace. It has, of necessity, in any crisis of the State, the absolute powers of a Dictator. The existing Administration is entitled to the utmost candor. It is to be thanked for its angelic virtue, compared with any executive experiences with which we have been familiar. But the times will not allow us to indulge in compliment. I wish I saw in the people that inspiration which, if government would not obey the same, it would leave the government behind, and create on the moment the means and executors it wanted. Better the war should more seriously threaten us—should threaten fracture in what is still whole, and punish us with burned capitals and slaughtered regiments, and so exasperate the people to energy, exasperate our nationality. There are Scriptures written invisibly on men's hearts, whose letters do not come out until they are enraged. They can be read by war-fires, and by eyes in the last peril.

We cannot but remember that there have been days in American history, when, if the free States had done their duty, slavery had been blocked by an immovable barrier, and our recent calamities forever precluded. The free States yielded, and every compromise was surrender, and invited new demands. Here again is a new occasion which Heaven offers to sense and virtue. It looks as if we held the fate of the fairest possession of mankind in our hands, to be saved by our firmness or to be lost by hesitation.

The one power that has legs long enough and strong enough to cross the Potomac offers itself at this hour; the one strong enough to bring all the civility up to the height of that which is best prays now at the door of Congress for leave to move. Emancipation is the demand of civilization. That is a principle; everything else is an intrigue. This is a progressive policy—puts the whole people in healthy, productive, amiable position—puts every man in the South in just and natural relations with every man in the North, laborer with laborer.

We shall not attempt to unfold the details of the project of emancipation. It has been stated with great ability by several of its leading advocates. I will only advert to some leading points of the argument, at the risk of repeating the reasons of others.*

The war is welcome to the Southerner: a chivalrous sport to him, like hunting, and suits his semi-civilized condition. On the climbing scale of progress, he is just up to war, and has never appeared to such advantage as in the last twelvemonth. It does not suit us. We are advanced some ages on the war-state—to trade, art, and general cultivation. His laborer works for him at home, so that he loses no labor by the war. All our soldiers are laborers; so that the South, with its inferior numbers, is almost on a footing in effective war-population with the North. Again, as long as we fight without any affirmative step taken by the government, any word intimating forfeiture in the rebel States of their old privileges under the law, they and we fight on the same side, for slavery. Again, if we conquer the enemy—what then? We shall still have to keep him under, and it will cost as much to hold him down as it did to get him down. Then comes the summer, and the fever will drive our soldiers home; next winter, we must begin at the beginning, and conquer him over again. What use, then, to take a fort, or a privateer, or get possession of an inlet, or to capture a regiment of rebels?

But one weapon we hold which is sure. Congress can, by edict, as a part of the military defence which it is the duty of Congress to provide, abolish slavery, and pay for such slaves as we ought to pay for. Then the slaves near our armies will come to us: those in the interior will know in a week what their rights are, and will, where opportunity offers, prepare to take them. Instantly, the armies that now confront you must run home to protect their estates, and must stay there, and your enemies will disappear.

There can be no safety until this step is taken. We fancy that the endless debate, emphasized by the crime and by the cannons of this war, has brought the free States to some conviction that it can never go well whilst this mischief of slavery remains in our politics, and that by concert or by might we must put an end to it. But we have too much experience of the futility of an easy reliance on the momentary good dispositions of the public. There does exist, perhaps, a popular will that the Union shall not be broken—that our trade, and therefore our laws, must have the whole breadth of the continent, and from Canada to the Gulf. But, since this is the rooted belief and will of the people, so much the more are they in danger, when impatient of defeats, or impatient of taxes, to go with a rush for some peace, and what kind of peace shall at that moment be easiest attained: they will make concessions for it—will give up the slaves; and the whole torment of the past half-century will come back to be endured anew.

Neither do I doubt, if such a composition should take place, that the Southerners will come back quietly and politely, leaving their haughty dictation. It will be an era of good feelings. There will be a lull after so loud a storm; and, no doubt, there will be discreet men from that section who will earnestly strive to inaugurate more moderate and fair administration of the government, and the North will for a time have its full share and more, in place and counsel. But this will not last—not for want of sincere good-will in sensible Southerners, but because slavery will again speak through them its harsh necessity. It cannot live but by injustice, and it will be unjust and violent to the end of the world.

The power of emancipation is, that it alters the atomic social constitution of the Southern people. Now their interest is in keeping out white labor; then, when they must pay wages, their interest will be to let it in, to get the best labor, and, if they fear their blacks, to invite Irish, German and American laborers. Thus, whilst slavery makes and keeps disunion, emancipation removes the whole objection to union. Emancipation at one stroke elevates the poor white of the South, and identifies his interest with that of the Northern laborer.

Now, in the name of all that is simple and generous, why should not this great right be done? Why should not America be capable of a second stroke for the well-being of the human race, as eighty or ninety years ago she was for the first? an affirmative step in the interests of human civility, urged on her, too, not by any romance of sentiment, but by her own extreme perils? It is very certain that the statesman who shall break through the cobwebs of doubt, fear, and petty cavil that lie in the way, will be greeted by the unanimous thanks of mankind. Men reconcile themselves very fast to a bold and good measure, when once it is taken, though they condemned it in advance. A week before the two captive commissioners were surrendered to England, every one thought it could not be done: it would divide the North. It was done, and in two days all agreed it was the right action. And this action which costs so little (the parties injured by it being such a handful that they can very easily be indemnified) rids the world, at one stroke, of this degrading nuisance, the cause of war and ruin to nations. This measure at once puts all parties right. This is borrowing, as I said, the omnipotence of a principle. What is so foolish as the terror lest the blacks should be made furious by freedom and wages? It is denying these that is the outrage, and makes the danger from the blacks. But justice satisfies everybody—white man, red man, yellow man, and black man. All like wages, and the appetite grows by feeding.

But this measure, to be effectual, must come speedily. The weapon is slipping out of our hands. "Time," say the Indian Scriptures, "drinketh up the essence of every great and noble action which ought to be performed, and which is delayed in the execution."

* I refer mainly to a discourse by the Rev. M. D. Conway, delivered before the "Emancipation League," in Boston, in January last.

PUNISHMENT OF SLAVES.

THE "Ole Cabin" to which Jim had alluded as the scene of Sam's punishment by the overseer, was a one-story shanty in the vicinity of the stables. Though fast falling to decay, it had more the appearance of a decent habitation than the other huts on the plantation. Its thick plank door was ornamented with a mouldy brass knocker, and its four windows contained sashes, to which here and there clung a broken pane, the surviving relic of its better days. It was built of large unhewn logs, notched at the ends and laid one upon the other, with the bark still on. The thick, rough coat which yet adhered in patches to the timber had opened in the sun, and let the rain and the worm burrow in its sides, till some parts had crumbled entirely away. At one corner the process of decay had gone on till roof, superstructure, and foundation had rotted down and left an opening large enough to admit a coach and four horses. The huge chimneys which had graced the gable-ends of the building had fallen in, leaving only a mass of sticks and clay to tell of their existence, and two wide openings to show how great a figure they had once made in the world. A small space in front of the cabin would have been a lawn, had the grass been willing to grow upon it; and a few acres of cleared land in its rear might have passed for a garden, had it not been entirely overgrown with young pines and stubble. This primitive structure was once the "mansion" of that broad plantation, and, before the production of turpentine came into fashion in that region, its rude owner drew his support from its few surrounding acres, more truly independent than the present aristocratic proprietor, who, raising only one article, and buying all his provisions, was forced to draw his support from the Yankee or the Englishman.

Only one room, about forty feet square, occupied the interior of the cabin. It once contained several apartments, vestiges of which still remained, but the partitions had been torn away to fit it for its present uses. What those uses were, a moment's observation showed me.

In the middle of the floor, which was mostly rotted away, a space about fifteen feet square was covered with thick pine planking, strongly nailed to the beams. In the centre of this planking an oaken block was firmly bolted, and to it was fastened a strong iron staple that held a log-chain, to which was attached a pair of shackles. Above this, was a queer frame-work of oak, somewhat resembling the contrivance for drying fruit I have seen in Yankee farm-houses. Attached to the rafters by stout pieces of timber, were two hickory poles, placed horizontally, and about four feet apart, the lower one rather more than eight feet from the floor. This was the whipping-rack, and hanging to it were several stout whips with short hickory handles, and long triple lashes. I took one down for closer inspection, and found burned into the wood, in large letters, the words "Moral Suasion." I questioned the appropriateness of the label, but the Colonel insisted with great gravity that the whip is the only "moral suasion" a darky is capable of understanding.

When punishment is inflicted on one of the Colonel's negroes, his feet are confined in the shackles, his arms tied above his head, and drawn by a stout cord up to one of the horizontal poles; then, his back bared to the waist, and standing on tip-toe, with every muscle stretched to its utmost tension, he takes "de lashes."

A more severe but more unusual punishment is the "thumb-screw." In this a noose is passed around the negro's thumb and fore-finger, while the cord is thrown over the upper cross-pole, and the culprit is drawn up till his toes barely touch the ground. In this position the whole weight of the body rests on the thumb and fore-finger. The torture is excruciating, and strong, able-bodied men can endure it but a few moments. The Colonel naively told me that he had discontinued its practice, as several of his women had nearly lost the use of their hands, and been incapacitated for field labor, by its too frequent repetition. "My —— drivers," he added, "have no discretion, and no humanity; if they have a pique against a nigger, they show him no mercy."—"*Among the Pines,*" *in The Continental Monthly.*

A GREAT MAN.

THAT man is great, and he alone,
Who serves a greatness not his own
For neither praise nor pelf:
Content to know, and be unknown,
Whole in himself.

Strong is that man, he only strong,
To whose well-ordered will belong,
For service and delight,
All powers that, in despite of wrong,
Establish right.

And free he is, and only he,
Who, from his tyrant passions free,
By Fortune undismayed,
Hath power upon himself to be
By himself obeyed.

If such a man there be, where'er
Beneath the sun and moon he fare,
He cannot fare amiss.
Great Nature hath him in her care,
Her cause is his.

Time cannot take him by surprise;
Fate cannot crush him: he shall rise
Stronger from overthrow,
Whose arms a heavenly Friend supplies
Against Heaven's Foe.

Who holds by everlasting Law,
Which neither chance nor change can flaw,
Whose steadfast cause is one
With whatsoever forces draw
The ages on:

Who hath not bowed his honest head
To base occasion, nor in dread
Of Duty shunned her eye,
Nor truckled to himself, nor wed
His heart to a lie:

Nor feared to follow in th' offence
Of false opinion, his own sense
Of Justice, unsubdued;
Nor shrunk from any consequence
Of doing good:

He looks his Angel in the face
Without a blush; nor heeds disgrace
Whom naught disgraceful done
Disgraces. Who knows nothing base
Dreads nothing known.

Not morselled out from day to day
In petty aims, the helpless prey
Of hours that have no plan,
His life is his to give away
To God and man.

The merely great are, all in all,
No more than what the merely small
Esteem them. Man's opinion
Neither conferred nor can recall
This man's dominion.

Lord of a lofty life is he,
Loftily living, though he be
Of lowly birth; though poor,
He lacks not wealth; nor high degree
In state obscure;

Though saddened, soiled not—broken not,
Though burthened, by his mortal lot
To strive with mortal sin,
And scald away with tears the spot
That sinks not in:

Yet not with downward eye morose,
Bent on himself, nor ear so close
Held to his own heart's call,
But what he sees and hears and knows
And doth love well.

All creatures by the dear God made,
All things that are; the little blade
Of green in grassy field;
The myriad stars that overhead
Stud heaven's blue shield;

Nature's waste wealth of beauty, shed
By desert shore, or wild sea bed,
And the deep-moaning heart,
The mighty human cry for bread,
In crowded mart;

By these his heart is touched, and sings
From all its solemn-sounding strings,
Which Love alone can thrill,
Hosannah to the King of kings,
To man good-will.

For, though he live aloof from ken,
The world's unwitnessed denizen,
The love within him stirs
Abroad, and with the hearts of men
His own confers.

The Judge upon the Justice-seat,
The brown-backed beggar in the street,
The spinner in the sun,
The reapers reaping in the wheat,
The wan-cheeked nun

In convent cold, the prisoner lean
In lightless den, the robèd queen,
Even the youth who waits,
Hiding the knife, to glide unseen
Between the gates:

He nothing human alien deems
Unto himself, nor disesteems
Man's meanest claim upon him.
And where he moves the mere sunbeams
Drop blessings on him;

Because they know him Nature's friend,
On whom she doth delight to tend
With loving kindness ever,
Helping and heartening to the end
His high endeavor.

Therefore, though mortal made, he can
Work miracles. The uncommon man
Leaves nothing commonplace;
He is the marvellous. To span
The abyss of space,

To make the thing which is not be,
To fill with Heaven's infinity
Earth's finite, to make sound
The sick, to bind the broken, free
The prison-hound,

To call up spirits from the deep
To be his ministers, to peep
Into the birth of things,
To move the mountains, and to sweep
With inner wings

The orb of time, is his by faith;
And his, whilst breathing human breath,
To taste before he dies
The deep eventual calm of death,
Life's latest prize.

If such a man there be, howe'er
Beneath the sun and moon he fare,
That man my friend to know
To me were sweeter than to wear
What kings bestow.

—*All the Year Round.*

SLAVERY AND THE AMERICAN CRISIS.

From The Whitby (Eng.) Gazette, March 15.

GEO. THOMPSON, Esq., late M.P. for the Tower Hamlets, delivered a lecture, on Wednesday evening last, to a large and attentive audience in St. Hilda's Hall, the subject being—"Is Slavery the Cause of the present Crisis in America?" The address was of a most able and lucid character, and worthy the best days of this distinguished philanthropist and orator. At the conclusion of the address it was announced that Mr. Thompson would give a second and concluding address, on the same subject, on Friday night, when no doubt all who had the privilege of hearing the first will be glad to hear the second lecture, which we have no doubt will be of increased interest, the historic details being already disposed of; and we would advise all who have the opportunity to embrace it.

The Rev. W. Keane, M.A., having been requested to take the chair, expressed his regret at the absence of C. Richardson, Esq. (St. Hilda's), who was prevented taking the chair by indisposition, and after referring to Mr. Thompson's visit to this town about thirty years ago, and the impression which it made, spoke in an able manner and in highly commendatory terms of that gentleman's able advocacy, and his persevering and successful exertions in the cause of the negroes in the West Indies and of the population of British India, for upwards of thirty years, he introduced Mr. Thompson to the meeting.

The following is a brief outline of Mr. Thompson's lecture, and will suffice to indicate the course pursued by that gentleman in the treatment of his subject. The thirty-four United States of America, which before the election of Mr. Lincoln were a plural unit, were now divided into belligerent communities. Two Constitutions, two Presidents, two Congresses and two armies. A million of men were in arms, and America was the theatre of a war of the most gigantic dimensions. The object sought on the one side was independence, and the establishment of an empire based upon slavery. The objects sought on the part of the Federal party, were the reëstablishment of the Constitution, the reintegration of the States, the recovery of national property, and the enforcement of the national laws. The American question could only be understood by looking to the origin of the nation. The Declaration of Independence gave birth to the American Republic. The Articles of Confederation brought the National government into existence. The Constitution perfected the Union, and ordained that it should be indivisible and perpetual. Secession, under the Constitution, was impossible. Disunion was treason. Under the Constitution, every minister and consul abroad represented the whole country; not one State more than another; but the Nationality of America one and indivisible. Only a National Convention, representing and wielding the power and authority of the entire people could, constitutionally, make any organic change in the government, or surrender any part of the national domain. The North, therefore, was in the right, and was contending for the life of the nation; the South was in the wrong, and had organized treason upon the grandest scale, and for the worst of purposes. The South had been preparing for disunion since 1856, when the downfall of Southern ascendancy was foreshadowed in the votes given for Fremont. During the administration of Buchanan, Southern members of the Cabinet diverted to the South the arms which belonged to the nation, to be employed for the nation's destruction when the time should come to strike the blow. Returning to the period when the Union was formed, the lecturer pointed out the antagonism between the institutions founded by the Puritans in the North, and those established by the adventurers of the South, and maintained that the attempt to form a lasting Union by the blending of elements so diverse and irreconcilable, was a hopeless effort, and at war with the organic laws which regulate human society. The Constitution by which the Union was erected was a compromise between freedom and slavery, and violated the principles upon which the American Revolution was founded. The South having obtained constitutional guarantees for the security of slavery, had ever since pursued a course of aggrandizement, consolidation and conquest. The slave States had increased from six to fifteen. The area of slavery from 200,000 square miles to nearly 900,000; the slaves, from 500,000 to 4,000,000; and their value, in dollars, from 200,000,000 to 2,500,000,000. In the meanwhile, the Slave Power had enjoyed uninterrupted possession of the government. Mr. Thompson next described the corrupting influence of slavery on the literature, religion, politics and commerce of the Northern States, and the humiliating concessions made by the North to the South to avert a rupture of the Union. He also spoke of the effect produced upon the North by the annexation of Texas, the Fugitive Slave law, the attempt to make Kansas a slave State, the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, and other measures originating with the South—measures which led to the organization of the great Republican party, upon the basis of a common determination to resist the extension of slavery, and to throw off the usurped ascendancy of the Slave Power. The lecturer explained at length the principles of the Republican party, and contrasted them with those avowed by the Democratic party of the South, and concluded by showing that secession had not been caused by Federal taxation or high tariffs, but by a determination on the part of the South to break up the Union whenever they should cease to be the ruling power in the State. The Confederates, however, had been disappointed in all the expectations they had formed respecting the aid they would receive in accomplishing their purposes, and would be ultimately subdued by the North, and prevented from ever again controlling the policy of the country, or extending the system of slavery beyond its present limits. Slavery had received its death-blow, and the war, though to be deplored on account of its horrors, would lead to the redemption of an enthralled race, and the renovation of a repentant nation.

A vote of thanks to Mr. Thompson, proposed by Mr. Rigg and seconded by Mr. E. Corner, Esk Hall, was carried with great applause; as was also one to the chairman, proposed by Dr. Taylerson and seconded by Mr. Thompson.

MORALITY THE CONDITION OF CIVILIZATION.

BUT one condition is essential to the social education of man—namely, morality. There can be no high civility without a deep morality, though it may not always call itself by that name, but sometimes the point of honor, as in the institution of chivalry; or patriotism, as in the Spartan and Roman republics; or the enthusiasm of some religious sect which imputes its virtue to its dogma; or the cabalism, or *esprit du corps*, of a masonic or other association of friends.

The evolution of a highly destined society must be moral; it must run in the grooves of the celestial wheels. It must be catholic in aims. What is moral? It is the respecting in action catholic or universal ends. Hear the definition which Kant gives of moral conduct: "Act always so that the immediate motive of thy will may become a universal rule for all intelligent beings."

Civilization depends on morality. Everything good in man leans on what is higher. This rule holds in small as in great. Thus, all our strength and success in the work of our hands depend on our borrowing the aid of the elements. You have seen a carpenter on a ladder with a broad-axe chopping upward chips and slivers from a beam. How awkward! at what disadvantage he works! But see him on the ground, dressing his timber under him. Now, not his feeble muscles, but the force of gravity brings down the axe; that is to say, the planet itself splits his stick. The farmer had much ill-temper, laziness, and shirking to endure from his hand-sawyers, until, one day, he bethought him to put his saw-mill on the edge of a waterfall; and the river never tires of turning his wheel: the river is good-natured, and never hints an objection.

We had letters to send: couriers could not go fast enough, nor far enough; broke their waggons, foundered their horses; bad roads in spring, snow-drifts in winter, heats in summer; could not get the horses out of a walk. But we found out that the air and earth were full of electricity; and it was always going our way—just the way we wanted to send. *Would he take a message?* Just as lief as not; had nothing else to do; would carry it in no time. Only one doubt occurred, one staggering objection—he had no carpet-bag, no visible pockets, no hands, not so much as a mouth, to carry a letter. But, after much thought and many experiments, we managed to meet the conditions, and to fold up the letter in such invisible compact form as he could carry in those invisible pockets of his, never wrought by needle and thread—and it went like a charm.

I admire still more than the saw-mill the skill which, on the sea-shore, makes the tides drive the wheels and grind corn, and which thus engages the assistance of the moon, like a hired hand, to grind, and wind, and pump, and saw, and split stone, and roll iron.

Now that is the wisdom of a man, in every instance of his labor, to hitch his waggon to a star, and see his chore done by the gods themselves. That is the way we are strong, by borrowing the might of the elements. The forces of steam, gravity, galvanism, light, magnets, wind, fire, serve us day by day, and cost us nothing.

Our astronomy is full of examples of calling in the aid of these magnificent helpers. Thus, on a planet so small as ours, the want of an adequate base for astronomical measurements is early felt, as, for example, in detecting the parallax of a star. But the astronomer, having, by an observation, fixed the place of a star, by so simple an expedient as waiting six months, and then repeating his observation, contrived to put the diameter of the earth's orbit, say two hundred millions of miles, between his first observation and his second, and this line afforded him a respectable base for his triangle.

All our arts aim to win this vantage. We cannot bring the heavenly powers to us, but, if we will only choose our jobs in directions in which they travel, they will undertake them with the greatest pleasure. It is a peremptory rule with them, that *they never go out of their road.* We are dapper little busybodies, and run this way and that way superserviceably; but they swerve never from their fore-ordained paths—neither the sun, nor the moon, nor a bubble of air, nor a mote of dust.

And as our handiworks borrow the elements, so all our social and political action leans on principles. To accomplish anything excellent, the will must work for catholic and universal ends. A puny creature walled in on every side, as Donne wrote—

—— "unless above himself he can
Erect himself, how poor a thing is man!"

but when his will leans on a principle, when he is the vehicle of ideas, he borrows their omnipotence. Gibraltar may be strong, but ideas are impregnable, and bestow on the hero their invincibility. "It was a great instruction," said a saint in Cromwell's war, "that the best courages are but beams of the Almighty." Hitch your waggon to a star. Let us not fag in paltry works which serve our pot and bag alone. Let us not lie and steal. No god will help. We shall find all their teams going the other way—Charles's Wain, Great Bear, Orion, Leo, Hercules:—every god will leave us. Work rather for those interests which the divinities honor and promote—justice, love, freedom, knowledge, utility.

If we can thus ride in Olympian chariots by putting our works in the path of the celestial circuits, we can harness also evil agents, the powers of darkness, and force them to serve against their will the ends of wisdom and virtue. Thus, a wise government puts fines and penalties on pleasant vices. What a benefit would the American government, now in the hour of its extreme need, render to itself, and to every city, village, and hamlet in the States, if it would tax whiskey and rum almost to the point of prohibition! Was it Bonaparte who said that he found vices very good patriots?—"he got five millions from the love of brandy, and he should be glad to know which of the virtues would pay him as much." Tobacco and opium have broad backs, and will cheerfully carry the load of armies, if you choose to make them pay high for such joy as they give and such harm as they do. —*R. W. Emerson, in The Atlantic Monthly.*

MUSIC AND MICE.—*The Pacific Methodist* relates the following incident: "The clerk of *The Methodist* is an excellent flutist. A few evenings since, taking up his flute, he began a sweet air. In a few moments, from behind desks and boxes all around the room, appeared the heads of mice, attracted by the music. Gradually they ventured further, until, in full view, they sat perfectly entranced, their little black eyes twinkling with a strange delight, until there was a pause in the performance, when instantly they darted back into their hiding-places. Recovering from their fright, they returned and perched on various objects, waiting for the music to begin again. We forgive the little music-loving thieves for eating our pasted 'Miscellaneous items.'"

PREACHING OTHER MEN'S SERMONS.

WE find the following in a recent English paper:—At the Sheriff's Court in London, the case of "Rogers *vs.* Havergal" was tried before Mr. Kerr. The plaintiff was a retired clergyman, and the defendant the vicar of Cople vicarage, in Bedford. Mr. Hudson of French street buildings stated for the plaintiff that the action was brought to recover £2 10s. for twenty sermons sold and delivered to defendant.

Mr. Marchmont, agent to the plaintiff, stated that defendant ordered, on the 27th of April, 1859, a sermon upon "the Thanksgiving for the termination of the Indian war,' price 2s. 6d. This was sent, and subsequently defendant wrote for copies of sermons, and twenty were sent upon general subjects. Since the defendant wrote for a special sermon upon the reopening of his church, and for this he paid £1.

A number of letters were read by Mr. Hudson, and in one defendant was surprised that so many sermons had been sent, but he would "look them over and keep what suited him." The letter provoked great laughter and surprise, such phrases as "stock sermons," "What have you in stock?" and "Send me so and so," occurring so frequently that his Honor called the business a "sermon manufactory." Plaintiff's agent remarked that many clergymen had four or five sermons a week to preach, besides Bible classes, and it was impossible to give original sermons. The sermons were lithographed in sets of thirty.

His Honor—"Then, if I went into two or three churches on one Sunday, I might stand the chance of hearing the same sermon at each?"

Plaintiff's Agent—"Precisely."

In answer to the claim, defendant produced a circular sent to him by plaintiff, and contended that he had returned the sermons. A desultory conversation ensued, and plaintiff's agent observed that sermons fetched all prices, and some as high as £5 5s.

His Honor—"What! sermons fetch £5 5s.!"

Mr. Marchmont—"A bishop's charge or an archdeacon's address."

His Honor—"Do you manufacture bishop's charges?"

Witness—"I can produce a man who has written them."

His Honor—"What would a sermon before the Lord Mayor cost?"

Witness—"From £3 3s. to £5 5s."

His Honor—(to Mr. Hudson, who is a Common Councilman)—"There is no knowing where our sermons come from."

Mr. Hudson—"I was not aware of it till to-day."

Defendant then urged that he had returned the sermons, and complained of the price, but it was shown that he had paid ten shillings into court for four, thereby admitting the price; that he had kept the sermons for a very long time; and that plaintiff had not received them back even now. Defendant said that even in the case of the sermons paid for, he had to re-write them before he could preach them.

His Honor—"Perhaps you picked out the tid-bits (much laughter). I must hold that you did not return the goods within a reasonable time, and find for plaintiff for the full amount, with costs of attorney."

THE HISTORIAN BUCKLE.

A LETTER in the Boston *Advertiser*, dated Cairo (Egypt), February 17th, gives these interesting particulars:

"Mr. Buckle, the distinguished author of 'The History of Civilization,' has lately returned from an expedition of several weeks up the Nile, in search of rest and health, and is now here, making arrangements for a tour to Syria. He proposes to visit America, and would have gone thither this summer but for the war. His next volume will treat of the United States. Last week Mr. Thayer, our excellent Consul-General here, entertained Mr. Buckle at dinner. The company included two ladies well known in the literary and social circles of England, besides several English and American gentlemen who happened to be in Cairo. Mr. Buckle, as I hear, expressed a strong feeling of gratification at the peaceful solution of the Trent complication, and said that a war between the two kindred nations of England and the United States would be a calamity to mankind; he had, however, anticipated from the beginning no other than a pacific settlement. In his conversation, as in his writings, he shows himself favorably disposed to our institutions, and well prepared to judge dispassionately of their practical workings. He says the subject is too vast to be discussed, except after careful personal examination. Although appreciating the value of the great work of De Tocqueville, he complains of the general inadequacy of European criticism upon America.

"Mr. Buckle is a bachelor of thirty-eight years of age, although appearing considerably older. He is in independent circumstances and possesses a private library of about twenty-two thousand volumes, which is accounted the second in excellence in London; the first being that of Mr. Van de Weyer, the Belgian Minister. His education was conducted without the aid of schools or universities and almost without masters, although his father and grandfather were graduates of Cambridge. He has studied in several of the literary capitals of the continent. His figure is tall and slender, slightly stooping; his head, well-shaped, is partly bald, and although his features are not striking in themselves, they are rendered so by their animated expression. His conversation is lively, varied and frequently profound; but, like his book, always intelligible. His range of illustration is immense, and his memory is singularly retentive."

CONTRIBUTIONS FROM JAMAICA TO THE GREAT EXHIBITION.—The Governor-General of Jamaica, in proroguing the legislature on the 5th ult., alluded to the contributions from Jamaica to the Great International Exhibition in London in May next, and said that "more than one thousand specimens of productions, with models and drawings, illustrating the fruits, the vegetables, and minerals of the colony, have either been already transmitted or will meet with early dispatch. Amongst these, while our acknowledged staples will be amply and even superabundantly represented, there are about forty different farinas and starches, the product of esculent roots, fruits, and seeds; five and twenty varieties of oil and kindred substances extracted from seeds and fruits, and applicable to domestic, economic, and other purposes; upwards of 160 specimens of the woods adapted to purposes of ornament and use, with which our forests abound; and a collection which, I am informed upon good authority, will probably prove to be unrivalled of fibres and basts, numbering 125 of the former and 17 of the latter, the produce of our island plants. The capability of Jamaica as a cotton-producing country will also be demonstrated; and I am confident that, upon the whole, ample proof will be afforded that nowhere in the world is the employment of capital, when successful in the development of native industry, or when applied to the introduction of laborers from other countries, more likely to be abundantly rewarded."

WIT OUT OF PLACE.—The Springfield *Republican*, speaking of funny lecturers and funny lectures, says: "Prentice, of the Louisville *Journal*, published in a good, fat volume a collection of his newspaper witticisms, which ought to have fallen dead from the press if it did not; and we believe it did. We should as soon think of reading a volume of witticisms as we should of making a meal from the contents of the pepper-caster, and no sooner. Witticisms are good, significant, pungent, in location—good where they belong, and in their relations—but wit never was made for a steady article of diet. The greatest bore living is the perpetual joker, and the most stupid of all lectures is a lecture whose ammunition and aim are solely fun. The greatest wit and the most unique drollerist living could not by possibility so construct a lecture of pure fun as to satisfy a sensible audience. Such an audience might laugh and applaud, but they would leave the hall invariably dissatisfied more dissatisfied than after an entertainment of Christy and burnt cork, because Christy and burnt cork have learned that to make their entertainments satisfying they must intermingle good standard music with their Ethiopian ballads and break-downs.

OLD TIMES AND NEW.—Compare travelling as it is now with what it was when the apostles went out. I could go around the earth and come home again quicker than Paul could go from Jerusalem to Rome in his day. In the time that was required to write one Bible in his day, I can print a million now. It cost a fortune to own a book then; now there is not a pauper in the poor-house that is not able to own a book. Literally, knowledge may be said to be without money and without price when for a penny a man may have a newspaper that covers the contemporaneous news of the globe, so that he can see more than if he were put on an exceeding high mountain—with a devil at his elbow at that, to tempt him withal! Books are cheaper than bread; and none are so poor that they cannot have the reading of a record of the events of every single day.—*H. W. Beecher.*

A STOPPER.—A renowned clergyman of Lincolnshire lately preached rather a long sermon from the text—"Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting." After the congregation had listened about an hour some began to get weary and went out; others soon followed, greatly to the annoyance of the minister. Another person started, whereupon the parson stopped his sermon and said, "That is right, gentlemen: as fast as you are weighed, pass out." He continued his sermon at some length after that, but no one disturbed him by leaving.

THE OLD UNION is a last year's almanac. It was a Union of diplomacy, of red tape, not a Union of ideas; and the States united with red tape are now the Untied States. They were married in law, not in love. Slavery broke the Union. Then let the Union be reëstablished on the ruins of slavery! (Applause.) Pluck up this rebellion by the roots, and brandish it in triumph over the enemy! (Loud applause.) But what will we do with the slaves? The slaves—let them employ their masters, and pay them honest wages (laughter and applause). We will yet have the cotton States represented at Washington by black faces, instead of black hearts (renewed applause).—*Speech of E. H. Heywood.*

THE PATRIOT AND THE DEMAGOGUE.—A true patriot who climbs by genuine superiority, mounts as the lark mounts through the matin clouds, with prophet sunshine on its breast, while the world yet lies dark below; but the selfish demagogue, who climbs from station to station by scandalous means, rises as the scum rises, collecting the filth of the successive strata through which he ascends, and making a clot on the top.—*Rev. W. R. Alger.*

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